

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

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Art. I. *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt. LL. D. F. R. S. F. S. A.* late President of the Royal Academy. Comprising original anecdotes of many distinguished persons, his contemporaries; and a brief analysis of his discourses. To which are added, *Varieties on Art.* By James Northcote, Esq. 4to. pp. 418. clxvii. Price 2l. 12s. 6d. Colburn. 1813.

WE are always glad to see a book, professing to give us 'many original anecdotes of distinguished persons.' For, besides that love of chit-chat and gossiping, of hearing and retailing news, which, we believe, is inherent in all, from the philosopher down to the chambermaid, it is of real utility to be admitted to the table, and closet, and study of those whom in general we are only permitted to see in the constraint and *sunday-clothes* of public life. We want to know by what arts of study they attained to their eminence, in what we may copy them, and where we may avoid their errors. We want to know whether the opinions they professed in public stuck to them in private; whether their admonitions be the fruits of their own experience or the mere sports of theory. In short, every thing relating to the characters and opinions and conduct of men, is of use to men.

At the same time, we confess that we have not the same indiscriminate rage for knowing every thing, about every body, that some people appear to have. For instance, we care very little about any one's lineage, or the place of his nativity; are perfectly indifferent about who married whom, and whose son who was; what day of the month any one was born on, and whether it was rainy or sunshiny the first day he went to school. Then we have a perfect horror of

grandfathers and grandmothers; and should no more think of looking into parish registers, or the obituaries of old Gentleman's Magazines, than of digging among the bones and rottenness of a church-yard. However, other people may be more curious than we are; and to them it may be gratifying to learn—that Sir Joshua had ‘a paternal uncle, John, the elder brother of the family, who was a canon of St. Peter's Exeter, and held a fellowship of the College at Eton, and to whom Exeter College in Oxford is much indebted for the bequest of a very valuable library, and a considerable part of his fortune, of which it became possessed by his death in 1758;’—that ‘Sir Joshua's fourth pupil was Mr. Hugh Barron,’ a personage, who, it seems, ‘was a native of the metropolis, and born somewhere near Soho, in which vicinity his father had an official situation in the Westminster Dispensary, as apothecary to that establishment;’—that ‘in the year 1779 died a former pupil of Sir Joshua's of the name of Dusing, whose father was a colonel in the army, and his mother daughter of the Earl of Hindford, a Scottish peer;’ and many other particulars, equally instructive and entertaining, of persons equally notorious. Would it not have been gratifying also to have known who was Sir Joshua's first taylor, on his coming up to London? Mr. Northcote indeed seems to think no one too insignificant to hitch into his book; let a name but come across him, and we are sure to have a birth, parentage, and education.—Facts, however, are not enough; we must have conjectures founded upon them. Thus a Mr. John Astley is mentioned, ‘of whom Reynolds used to say, that Astley would rather run three miles to deliver his message by word of mouth than venture to write a note.’ We dare say few readers will care to see this singularity of Mr. John Astley's accounted for; but Mr. Northcote cannot pass such an important thing over so easily. Probably, says he, ‘his education had been neglected; however, he afterwards became a very rich man by an advantageous marriage which he contracted with a wealthy lady of quality.’ Then he and Mr. Malone get puzzled sometimes. That Reynolds's ‘sponsorial appellation’ was Joshua there is no doubt; but ‘the register of Plympton, has, by some negligence or inaccuracy, deprived him of this baptismal name; for in that record it appears that he was baptised on the 30th of July, and he is styled “Joseph son of Samuel Reynolds, Clerk.”’ What a fine play of fancy follows!

‘It is difficult to account for this error in any other way than that which Mr. Malone has given, by supposing that the name was written originally on a slip of paper in an abbreviated form—“Joa. son of Samuel Reynolds,” and was, at a subsequent



period entered erroneously by the clergyman or clerk of the parish.' p. 6.

Then again—

'There is some little difficulty in fixing the exact date of his first discourse; some accounts stating its delivery on the 10th of December, 1768, when the Academy was first opened: in Malone's edition of his works, it is indeed dated on the 2nd of January, 1769: whilst Sir Joshua himself, in a letter to Barry, which will be hereafter inserted, speaks of its being delivered on the first of that month.' p. 102.

When will the makers of books learn, that '*tout ce qui c'est fait ne mérite pas d'être écrit*?' But this is the way that quartos are filled.

Johnson has said, in his life of Cowley, that 'Sir J. Reynolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's treatise.' This does not appear to be strictly correct. It was not till he had 'made some trifling attempts in drawing from common prints,' and even 'proceeded to draw likenesses of the friends and relatives of his family with tolerable success,' that he became acquainted with Richardson's *Theory of Painting*. Then, indeed, it was that the enthusiasm of a painter first broke out, and he thought Raffaele 'the most extraordinary man the world had ever produced.' But what originally bent his mind this way does not appear.

It was a favourite notion of Johnson's, that 'the true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.' Such also was the opinion of Sir Joshua. 'It was ever his decided opinion, that the superiority attainable in any pursuit whatever, does not originate in an innate propensity of the mind to that pursuit in particular, but depends on the general strength of the intellect, and on the intense and constant application of that strength to a specific purpose.' Indeed, Johnson, we think, though we cannot find the passage in Boswell, went so far as to assert that, had Sir Isaac Newton's genius been thus 'accidentally determined' to poetry, he would infallibly have become a great poet. There is certainly a great deal of truth in these general assertions, not very cautiously distinguished, we think, from a good deal of error. There are some arts and accomplishments, which depend in some degree even upon corporeal qualities. A musical ear can never be acquired, and a very short-sighted person is *naturally* incapacitated for a painter. It will be granted too, we suppose, that there is such a thing as physical courage, without which no one would make a soldier; such a thing too as strength of nerve, and presence of mind, equally necessary for a general and politician. But to say nothing of these, are there not

powers of mind as distinguishable as those of body?—powers of which one may be enjoyed without another? Is it to be expected that he who has imagination must therefore possess sagacity and judgment in reasoning, any more than that the man who is strong must be swift, or that a musical ear must be accompanied with an accurate eye? We think, not. And if a person will grant us this, he must grant us likewise, that there may be ‘minds formed peculiarly for certain purposes; \* that a man may be born to be a poet, who could yet never become a mathematician; or may have all the powers of a statesman, without one particle of a wit. Undoubtedly very different qualities are frequently found united in the same mind, and it is not impossible that the same person might unite the wit of Butler with the generalship of Wellington, or the fancy of Shakespear with the command over algebraical calculi that Waring possessed. All we contend for is, that these things, or rather the capabilities of these things, do not necessarily go together.

But to return to Sir Joshua. In consequence of the early predilection he had shewn for the art, he was, at the age of eighteen, sent to London, and placed under the care of Hudson, ‘then the greatest painter in England.’

‘The qualification that enabled him to hold this decided pre-eminence, was the ability of producing a likeness with that kind of address which, by the vulgar, is considered as flattering to the person. But after having painted the head, Hudson’s genius failed him, and he was obliged to apply to one Vanhaaken to put it on the shoulders and to finish the drapery, of both which he was himself totally incapable. Unluckily Vanhaaken died, and for a time Hudson was driven almost to despair, and feared he must have quitted his lucrative employment: he was, however, fortunate enough to meet with another drapery-painter, named Roth, who, though not so expert as the former, was yet sufficiently qualified to carry on the manufactory.

‘Such were the barren sources of instruction at the time when Reynolds first came to London to be inspired by the genius of Hudson.’ pp. 12—13.

After having spent two years under the tuition of this man, and excited his jealousy to that degree that they were obliged to part, Reynolds returned to his native county, Devonshire, where he passed the three following years, in painting portraits, on seeing some of which ‘at the distance of thirty years,’ he ‘lamented that in so great a length of time he had made so little progress in his art.’ Here he became known to Keppel, with whom, in 1740, he passed over to the continent. In Italy he spent three years.

During this time, and indeed throughout his life, he was



unwearied in his application to his art. 'Whoever,' says he, 'is resolved to excel in painting, or, indeed, in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon *that one object, from the moment he rises till he goes to bed*; the effect of every object that meets the painter's eye may give him a lesson, provided his mind is calm, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction. This general attention, with other studies connected with the art, which must employ the artist in his closet, will be found sufficient to fill up life, if it was much longer than it is.' And at another time, having been asked his opinion of a fan which Pope painted, and which accompanied those lines of his to Miss Martha Blount, 'Come gentle air,'

'He replied, that it was such as might have been expected from one who painted for his amusement alone; like the performance of a child. This must always be the case when the work is taken up only from idleness, and laid aside when it ceases to amuse any longer. But those, he added, who are determined to excel, *must go to their work whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night, and will find it to be no play, but on the contrary very hard labour*

'This was said to his pupils, and in this mode only it was that it ever gave any instruction to them, when accident produced an opportunity to give it force.' p. 125.

His advice, to the students of the Academy, throughout his discourses, is strictly consonant with all this.

'They must therefore be told again and again, that labour is the only price of solid fame, and that whatever their force of genius may be, there is no easy method of becoming a good Painter.\*

'If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour: nothing is to be obtained without it.†

When mentioning the causes of Gainsborough's excellence, his love of the art, and unwearied exertions in it, are what he first dwells upon.

'Of these causes we must state, as the fundamental, the love which he had to his art; *to which, indeed, his whole mind appears to have been devoted, and to which every thing was referred.*‡

'He had a habit of continually remarking to those who happened to be about him, whatever peculiarity of countenance, whatever accidental combination of figure, or happy effects of light and shadow, occurred in prospects, in the sky, in walking the streets, or in company. If, in his walks, he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him

\* *Discourses*, Vol. I. p. 15.

† Vol. I, p. 44.

‡ Vol. II. p. 153.

‘ to his house : and from the fields he brought into his painting room, stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds.’\*

And again of Michael Angelo, *of his art and his general manner*

‘ He was distinguished even from his infancy for his indefatigable diligence ; and this was continued through his whole life, till prevented by extreme old age. The poorest of men, as he observed himself, did not labour from necessity, more than he did from choice. Indeed, from all the circumstances related of his life, he appears not to have had the least conception that his art was to be acquired by any other means than great labour.†

Reynolds, however, was not one of those who are always prodigiously busy about trifles, who make no distinction between what it is useful to know, and what it is of no use to know ; who swallow indiscriminately whatever is presented to them as equally tending to nourish, and lay up pearls and pebbles without any suspicion that they are not all of the same value.

‘ There is nothing in our art which enforces such continual exertion and circumspection, as an attention to the general effect of the whole. It requires much study and much practice ; it requires the painter’s entire mind ; whereas the parts may be finished by nice touches, while his mind is engaged on other matters ; he may even hear a play or a novel read without much disturbance. The artist who flatters his own indolence, will continually find himself evading this active exertion, and applying his thoughts to the ease and laziness of highly finishing the parts ; producing at last what Cowley calls “ laborious effects of idleness.”‡

‘ While the student is employing his labour on minute objects of little consequence, the other is acquiring the art, and perfecting the habit, of seeing nature in an extensive view, in its proper proportions, and its due subordination of parts.§

‘ I consider general copying as a delusive kind of industry ; the Student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something ; he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and of labouring without any determinate object : as it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work ; and those powers of invention and composition which ought particularly to be called out, and put in action, lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise ||

These remarks appear to us of very great importance, not only with respect to the initiation of a painter in his art, but with respect to education in general. There is nothing of greater consequence, than that *the mind* should be employed. A certain number of pages is read, a certain number of lines gotten by rote, and the tutor is satisfied : but the child has done nothing. The eyes, the tongue, the memory

\* Vol. II. p. 154. † Vol. II. p. 215. ‡ Vol. II. p. 66,  
§ Vol. II. p. 67. || Vol. I. p. 32.



have been busy; yet the mind has been unemployed. The passages which we have quoted were written indeed at a late period of the president's life, but upon these principles he had been acting all along.

He thought early for himself; in fact he had himself to educate, and the plan he laid down for his own education was most judicious. He knew that 'the great business of study is, to form a *mind*, adapted and adequate to all times and all occasions; to which all nature is then laid open, and which may be said to possess the key of her inexhaustible riches.' Far from spending his time in Italy in indiscriminately copying from the great masters, 'he copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence;' and 'he avoided all engagements for copying works of art for the various travellers at that time in Rome.'

'Whilst they,' (the Cicerones,) says he in a letter to Barry, 'are endeavouring to prevent the gentlemen from employing the young artist, instead of injuring them, they are, in my opinion, doing them the greatest service.'

'Whilst I was at Rome I was very little employed by them, and that I always considered as so much time lost: copying those ornamental pictures, which the travelling gentlemen always bring home with them as furniture for their houses, is far from being the most profitable manner of a student's spending his time. Whoever has great views, I would recommend to him, whilst at Rome, rather to live on bread and water, than lose those advantages which he can never hope to enjoy a second time, and which he will find only in the Vatican.' pp. 112—113.

'The Capella Sistina is the production of the greatest genius that was ever employed in the arts; it is worth considering by what principles that stupendous greatness of style is produced; and endeavouring to produce something of your own on those principles, will be a more advantageous method of study, than copying the St. Cecilia in the Borghese, or the Herodias of Guido, which may be copied to eternity, without contributing one jot towards making a man a more able painter.'

'If you neglect visiting the Vatican often, and particularly the Capella Sistina, you will neglect receiving that peculiar advantage which Rome can give above all other cities in the world. In other places you will find casts from the antique, and capital pictures of the great painters, but it is *there* only that you can form an idea of the dignity of the art, as it is *there* only that you can see the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaele. If you should not relish them at first, which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight, never cease looking till you feel something like inspiration come

over you, till you think every other painter insipid, in comparison, and to be admired only for petty excellences.' p. 113.

It gives one great confidence in the judgement of a man like Sir J., to find his early practice and his latest opinions thus agreeing. Of his resources in improving himself the following little anecdote may serve as a specimen.

'Speaking of Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and the other painters of the Venetian School, he says, "When I was at Venice the method I took to avail myself of their principles was this: When I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf out of my pocket book, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched, to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject, or to the drawing of the figures. A few trials of this kind will be sufficient to give the method of their conduct in the management of their lights. After a few experiments I found the paper blotted nearly alike; their general practice appeared to be,' &c. p. 305.

'Such a blotted paper, held at a distance from the eye, will strike the spectator as something excellent for the disposition of light and shadow, though he does not distinguish whether it is a history, a portrait, a landscape, dead game, or any thing else; for the same principles extend to every branch of the art.' p. 306.

He had, at one time of his life, intended to compose a discourse for the students, comprising an account of his own experience in the art, which, by pointing out his own artifices of study, the methods by which he had improved, and the errors into which he had been betrayed, might be of essential and permanent use to the young academicians. It is very much to be regretted that he did not complete the design. Some loose fragments of the discourse Mr. Malone has preserved; one of them relates to the period of his life, we are now speaking of, and deserves insertion both for its own sake, and for the sake of certain rapturous amateurs.

'I remember very well my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raffaele had the same effect on him; or rather, that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and on inquiring further, of other students, I found that those persons only who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great man, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaele, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation



to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them, as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me; I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted; I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state it had ever been in, (it could not, indeed, be lower,) were to be totally done away, and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as a *little child*. Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again: I even affected to feel their merit; and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perception began to dawn upon me; and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained.' pp. 391—2.

Reynolds returned to England in 1752, and finally settled in London at the end of that year. The first picture which seems to have brought him into notice was the well known one of Commodore Keppel.

'He was now employed to paint several ladies of high quality, whose portraits the polite world flocked to see, and he soon became one of the most distinguished painters, not only in England, but in Europe. For it should be remarked, that at this time there were no historical works to make a demand upon the painter's skill: and though it may seem a curious observation, it will nevertheless be found, on examination, to be one most true, that hitherto this empire of Great Britain, so great, so rich, so magnificent, so benevolent, so abundant in all the luxury that the most ample wealth could procure, even this exalted empire had never yet been able to keep above one single historical painter from starving, whilst portrait painters have swarmed in a plenty at all times thick as "autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa."' pp. 37, 38.

Such is the power of vanity! The young and beautiful would think herself 'the cruel'st she alive'—

'If she should lead her graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy;'

and the old and ugly can submit without much reluctance to the mortification of gazing on their own features, as Rochefoucault has remarked that a man would rather talk of his defects than not talk of himself at all.

Shortly after Reynolds's settlement in London, he became

acquainted with Johnson, of whose intimacy he first became desirous from a perusal of the life of Savage, which, says Boswell, he began to read 'while he was standing with his arm leaning against a chimney-piece: it seized his attention' so strongly, that, not being able to lay down the book till he had finished it, when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally benumbed.' They met at the house of some ladies, whom Johnson visited; and the doctor's good opinion was conciliated by rather a misanthropic remark of Sir Joshua's.

'The ladies were regretting the death of a friend, to whom they owed great obligations; upon which Reynolds observed, "You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from the burden of gratitude." They were shocked a little at this alleviating suggestion, as too selfish; but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and was much pleased with the *mind*, the fair view of human nature it exhibited, like some of the reflections of Rochefoucault. The consequence was, that he went home with Reynolds, and supped with him.' p. 40.

On what authority the following anecdotes are given we know not; but they agree very ill with the notions which we had formed of Johnson's independence of spirit and susceptibility of temper.

'Doctor Johnson had a great desire to cultivate the friendship of Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, and with this view paid him frequent visits. These were received very coldly by the latter; "but" observed the Doctor (in speaking of this to a friend), "I was determined to persist till I had gained my point; because I knew very well, that when I had once overcome his reluctance and shyness of humour, our intimacy would contribute much to the happiness of both." The event verified the Doctor's prediction.' p. 45.

'The Doctor's intercourse with Sir Joshua was at first produced in the same manner as is described in respect to Richardson. He frequently called in the evening, and remained to a late hour, when Sir Joshua was desirous of going into new company, after having been harrassed by his professional occupations the whole day. This sometimes overcame his patience to such a degree, that, one evening in particular, on entering the room where Johnson was waiting to see him, he immediately took up his hat and went out of the house. Reynolds hoped by this means he would have been effectually cured; but Johnson still persisted, and at last gained his friendship.' pp. 45, 46.

That he *sought after* Richardson, however, he owned to Boswell. There are one or two stories more of this great man that merit to be preserved.

"There are two things," said he, "which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating



what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, shewing, from various causes, why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public." p. 50.

Johnson somewhere tells Boswell, that he looks upon himself as a very polite man. The following, however, the ladies will think no very pre-possessing specimens of his politeness.

'Several ladies being in company with Dr. Johnson, it was remarked by one of them, that a learned woman was by no means a rare character in the present age: when Johnson replied, "I have known a great many ladies who knew Latin, but very few who knew English."

'A lady observed, that women surpassed men in epistolary correspondence. Johnson said, "I do not know that." "At least," said the lady, "they are most pleasing when they are in conversation."—"No, Madam," returned Johnson, "I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues." p. 143.

He was, however, capable of true politeness—of a delicate attention to the feelings of those about him.

Once being at dinner at Sir Joshua's, in company with many painters, in the course of conversation Richardson's Treatise on Painting happened to be mentioned. "Ah!" said Johnson, "I remember when I was at College, I by chance found that book on my stairs: I took it up with me to my chamber and read it through, and truly I did not think it possible to say so much upon the art." Sir Joshua, who could not hear distinctly, desired of one of the company to be informed what Johnson had said; and it being repeated to him so loud that Johnson heard it, the Doctor seemed hurt, and added, "But I did not wish, Sir, that Sir Joshua should have been told what I then said." pp. 146, 147.

We insert the next as a very useful receipt for such of our readers as may be troubled with the acquaintance of any *wonderfully learned* personage.

'A prosing dull companion was making a long harangue to Dr. Johnson upon the *Punick war*, in which he gave nothing either new or entertaining. Johnson, afterwards, speaking of the circumstance to a friend, said, "Sir, I soon withdrew my attention from him, and thought of Tom Thumb." p. 144.

The following is a very good specimen of Johnson's intrepidity in conversation.

'Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which, in their opinion, neither discovered talent nor originality. To this, Dr. Johnson listened, in his usual growling manner, for some time;

when, at length, his patience being exhausted, he rose, with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, "If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldy, but those who could write as well, he would have few censors." p. 210.

Of the esteem and tenderness with which Reynolds was always regarded by Johnson, the following letter (which Boswell also has preserved) is proof.

"DEAR SIR,

"I heard yesterday of your late disorder, and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise of your recovery, which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends: but I hope you will still live long, for the honour of the nation; and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence, is still reserved for,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate, &c.

Brighthelmstone, Nov. 14, 1782.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Reynolds was the original proposer of the *literary club*. Being himself of a literary turn of mind, and loving to mix conviviality with learning, it is no wonder that he should wish to bring into contact such minds as those of Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Beauclerk, and Garrick, and Burke, and Percy. The club originally consisted of twelve members, and 'these were so judiciously selected,' as Mr. Malone observes, 'and were men of such talents and so well known to each other, that any two of them, if they should not happen to be joined by any more, might be good company for each other.'

Considering the intimacy which subsisted between Sir J. and all the members of this most brilliant society, and the consequent opportunities which Mr. Northcote must have had, as an inmate in Sir J.'s house, of observing their characters and manners, we certainly did expect a greater store of anecdote than this volume presents to us. A great deal of what there is, too, is to be found in Boswell. We could have forgiven Mr. N. for the intrusion of Mr. John Astley, and Giuseppe Marchi, if they had been accompanied a little oftener with Burke or Goldsmith. Still, something may be gleaned.

Garrick's wicked waggery, practised on some 'indifferent painter' is very amusing.

'When the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity,



whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his pallet and pencils on the floor, saying, he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.' pp. 58, 59.

Sir J., it seems, had once intended to have painted a picture of this kind—Garrick, in his natural appearance in the front, and about him figures representing him in all his capital characters. The picture, however, was never began, which, Mr. N. says, 'is much to be regretted.' We cannot join with him in this: what Sir Joshua might have made of any thing, it becomes not us to say; but we think the subject a very unpromising one; how were the figures to be grouped and connected? There was a picture (something of this kind) in the last exhibition, done, if we recollect right, by Stothard; it represented almost all the principal characters of Shakespeare.

Of all the literary men of the time, Goldsmith's character is the most whimsical and amusing. His kind-heartedness must have made him universally beloved, but his ridiculous vanity must effectually have precluded all respect. The man whom we laugh at we cannot venerate. That a man should not hear the praises of a rival in his own art with very grateful ears we are afraid is too natural; and hence the disagreement between 'two of a trade' that the old proverb speaks of; but Goldsmith would have monopolized all praise; he could not bear that any body but himself should occupy the minds and mouths of the company. Sir Joshua used to say, that he 'considered public notoriety, or fame, as one great parcel, to the whole of which he laid claim, and whoever partook of any part of it, whether dancer, singer, slight of hand man, or tumbler, deprived him of his right, and drew off the attention of the world from himself, and which he was striving to gain.' Rather than any body else should engross the conversation, he would talk of what he knew nothing about. At one time he strutted about, and childishly displayed his new clothes, and talked of his taylor and his bloom-coloured coat; at another, he gave out that his brother was dean of Durham. How often his excessive vanity must have ministered to his own mortification is sufficiently evident. At one time, having been to see the Fantoccini, and being very much piqued by the praises thrown away upon the puppets for their

agility in leaping, he cried out angrily 'Pshaw, I could do it better myself,' and actually broke his shins in the experiment. At another time, as Boswell relates, 'when talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present; a German, who sat next him, and observed Johnson rolling himself, as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, 'Stay, Stay, Doctor Shonson is going to say something!' One summer he accompanied some very beautiful women into France and Flanders; but even their praises he could not hear with an 'unwounded ear.'

'On their entering a town, I think Antwerp, the populace surrounded the door of the hotel at which they alighted, and testified a desire to see those beautiful young women; and the ladies, willing to gratify them, came into a balcony at the front of the house, and Goldsmith with them; but perceiving that it was not himself who was the object of admiration, he presently withdrew, with evident signs of mortification, saying, as he went out, "There are places where I am the object of admiration also." p. 154.

Notwithstanding all this, Sir J. has said, 'that he has frequently seen the whole company struck with an awful silence at the entrance of Goldsmith, but that Goldsmith has quickly dispelled the charm, by his boyish and social manners, and he then has soon become the plaything and favourite of the company.'

Mr. N. has preserved the opinion of Burke on Gibbon's style, and it agrees so nearly with our own, that we are glad to give it to our readers. Conversing with Sir Joshua on the *Decline and Fall* he said, 'he had just then been reading it, that he disliked the style of writing, that it was very affected, mere frippery and tinsel.'

Before finishing with the anecdotes of this volume, we cannot help mentioning a very singular piece of criticism of the late Fox's.

'The illustrious Charles Fox, conversing once with Sir Joshua Reynolds on the merits and demerits of Shakespeare, said it was his opinion that Shakespeare's credit would have stood higher if he had never written the play of Hamlet.

'This Anecdote was told me by Sir Joshua himself.' p. 343.

What! if we had never been 'harrowed with fear and wonder' in the ghost-scene, if we had lost the description of melancholy, and the reflections by the grave of Ophelia,—Shakespeare's reputation would have stood higher? This strange opinion, we think, could only have arisen from a consideration of Hamlet's own character,—mysterious, unintelligible, and, in our opinion, imperfectly developed. Shakespeare seems by no means to have made of Hamlet what



he had originally intended. He counterfeits madness apparently to no end, and recovers from it we know not how or why. If the madness is put upon him by his poet, for the sake of his killing Polonius, and driving Ophelia out of her wits, and thus bringing on the catastrophe of the play, some plausible reason at least should have been feigned for the conduct of Hamlet,—but there is none. But what is the use of criticising Hamlet, or any one of Shakespeare's plays, to find out whether or not his reputation would have stood higher, if he had not written it? Did ever any one begin the play without being drawn to the end? Did ever any one stop to criticise it as he was reading? There, we think, is the test of dramatic merit.

But it is time that we return to the biography of Reynolds. He was now settled in the metropolis, and his fame and fortune were both rapidly increasing. His first price was twelve guineas a head, which was successively raised to twenty, twenty-five, thirty-five, fifty guineas a head, whole and half-lengths in proportion.

In 1768 a plan was drawn up for the Royal Academy, and annual exhibition of pictures: Doctor Johnson was appointed 'professor of ancient literature,' and Goldsmith 'professor of ancient history.' These distinctions were merely honorary, and Goldsmith whimsically observed of his;—'there is no salary annexed; and I took it, rather as a compliment to the Institution, than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt.' Reynolds was elected president, and knighted on the occasion. He received the honour 'with satisfaction;' his friends were 'gratified;' and 'Johnson acknowledged that for years he had not tasted wine, until he was induced to break through his rule of abstemiousness in order to celebrate his friend's elevation.' The discourses formed no part of his prescribed duties, they were his own choice. But 'while in one sense,' says he in the fifteenth discourse,

'I may be considered as a volunteer, in another view it seems as if I was involuntarily pressed into this service. If prizes were to be given, it appeared not only proper, but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said by the President on the delivery of those prizes: and the President for his own credit would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment, which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting, and by being uttered to many, would at last become a distinction to none: I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive observations on the Art, when we crowned

‘merit in the Artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to animate and guide them in their future attempts.’ Vol. II. p. 185.

Sir Joshua now lived in dignity and even splendour. Enthusiastically fond of his profession, encompassed by the highest and most enlightened society, beloved by all his friends, hospitable, benevolent, cheerful, and of a remarkably placid and unruffled constitution of mind, ‘he appeared to me,’ says Mr. Malone, ‘the happiest man I have ever known.’ The latter part of his life was little varied. He visited Flanders, and wrote an account of his tour, or rather an account of the pictures he inspected during it. He had a slight disagreement, too, with the Members of the Academy, and resigned his office, which, however, he was persuaded to accept again. In 1789, he lost the sight of his left eye, and, to preserve the other, was obliged entirely to give up painting. ‘But he laboured,’ says Mr. Malone,

‘under a much more dangerous disease, which deprived him both of his wonted spirits and his appetite, though he was wholly unable to explain to his physicians the nature or seat of his disorder. During this period of great affliction to all his friends, his malady was by many supposed to be imaginary: and it was conceived, that, if he would but exert himself, he could shake it off. This instance, however, may serve to show, that the patient best knows what he suffers, and that few long complain of bodily ailments without an adequate cause; for at length (but not till about a fortnight before his death) the seat of his disorder was found to be in his liver, of which the inordinate growth, as it afterwards appeared, had incommoded all the functions of life; and of this disease, which he bore with the greatest fortitude and patience, he died, after a confinement of near three months, at his house in Leicester-Fields, on Thursday evening, Feb. 23, 1792.’\*

He was buried in St. Paul’s with very great magnificence, ‘his pall,’ as Mr. M. takes care to inform us, ‘being borne up by three Dukes, two Marquisses, and five other noblemen.’

The following estimate of Reynolds, as an artist, and a man, was written by Burke, shortly after the death of his friend, whilst the character was yet warm in his memory.

“ ‘Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from

\* *Malone's Life*, pp. cix, cx.



the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve, when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

"He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by Sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

"His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. "HAIL! AND FAREWELL!" pp. 371, 2.

To the mildness of Sir Joshua's temper all his friends bore testimony. Johnson's address is characteristic: 'Reynolds, you hate no person living; but I like a good hater.' There was another saying of Johnson's too, which should by no means be omitted; 'Reynolds is the most invulnerable man I know; the man, whom, if I should quarrel with him, I should find the most difficulty how to abuse.' As a scholar, of course it would not be fair to compare Reynolds, whose time, as we have seen, was almost entirely spent in his painting-room, with men whose sole business was literature,—such men as Percy, or Johnson, or Goldsmith. His information had been derived from conversation and observation, rather than from books.

'Though he had occasionally dipped into many books, not having had time for regular and systematic study, some topics which had been long discussed and settled, were new to him; and hence, merely by the vigour of his excellent understanding, he often suggested ingenious theories and formed just conclusions, which had already been deduced by the laborious disquisitions of others. Finding how little time he could spare from his profession, for the purpose of acquiring general knowledge from books, he very early and wisely resolved to partake as much as possible of the society of all the in-

genious and learned men of his own time ; in consequence of which, and of his cheerful and convivial habits, his table for above thirty years exhibited an assemblage of all the talents of Great Britain and Ireland ; there being during that period scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished for his attainments in literature or the arts, or for his exertions at the bar, in the senate, or the field, who was not occasionally found there.\*

With an intercourse so general, and an observation so lively, it is not to be believed that his knowledge was confined to his own art. Of the diligence with which he had formed his style, his lectures bear witness. It is evidently formed on the model of Johnson's, and frequently possesses his point and precision, without his pomp and roundness of period. We may mention here that Reynolds supplied Johnson with some notes for his Shakespeare, particularly that on the little dialogue in *Macbeth*, which passes between Duncan and Banquo, on their entering the court of Macbeth's castle, that on Othello's trance, and that on the 'piercing' of the 'bruised heart' in the same play. They are all excellent, all *philosophical*. That on *Macbeth* is particularly good.

“ ‘ This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. This conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air ; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes ; and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, what is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion ? Whereas, the modern writers seem on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.— This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life.’ ” pp. 82, 83.

As a painter, we shall not presume to speak of Sir Joshua's merits, farther than to say, (what it does not need an artist's eye to perceive) that he appears to us to possess in the highest degree the *poetry* of his art,— we mean the power of conceiving, and conveying his conception to the spectator. The variety, the boldness, the elegance of the attitudes into which he has thrown his figures ; the loveliness of his children ; the helpless and hopeless grief of his Ugolino ; the awful majesty of his infant

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\* *Malone's Life*, pp. lxxxix—lxxxii.



Jupiter, the terrible grin of his Beaufort; the mischievous laugh of his Puck, with the ruminating posture and ludicrous solemnity of Bottom; the naiveté and self-complacency of the sinner in his infant academy;—all these have been observed by every one of our readers, who visited his gallery last season, and shew, we think, a poetical genius of the greatest fecundity and power. We shall close our remarks upon his life, with some extracts from Mr. Northcote's estimate of his powers in the art.

'His pictures in general possess a degree of merit superior to mere portraits, they assume the rank of history. His portraits of men are distinguished by a certain air of dignity, and those of women and children by a grace, a beauty, and simplicity, which have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. No painter ever gave so completely, as himself, that momentary fascinating expression, that irresistible charm, which accompanies and denotes "the Cynthia of the minute." In his attempts to give character where it did not exist, he has sometimes lost likeness; but the deficiencies of the portrait were often compensated by the beauty of the picture.'

'His chief aim, was *colour* and *effect*; and these he always varied as the subject required. Whatever deficiencies there may be in the design of this great master, no one at any period better understood the principles of colouring; nor can it be doubted that he carried this branch of his art to a very high degree of perfection. His lights display the knowledge he possessed, and with shade he conceals his defects. Whether we consider the power, the brilliancy, or the form of his lights, the transparency of his shadows, with the just quantities of each, and the harmony, richness, and full effect of the whole, it is evident that he has not only far transcended every modern master, but that his excellences in these captivating parts of painting, vie with the works of the great models he has emulated. The opinion he has given of Raffaele may, with equal justice, be applied to himself; "that his materials were generally borrowed, but the noble structure was his own." No one ever appropriated the ideas of others to his own purpose with more skill than Sir Joshua. He possessed the alchemy of painting, by converting whatever he touched into gold.' pp. 388, 389.

'Perhaps there is no painter that ever went before him, from whom he has not derived some advantage, and appropriated certain excellences with judicious selection and consummate taste. Yet after all that can be alledged against him as a borrower of forms from other masters, it must be allowed that he engrafted on them beauties peculiarly his own. The severest critics, indeed, must admit that his manner is truly original, bold, and free. Freedom is certainly one of his principal characteristics; and to this he seems often to have sacrificed every other consideration.' p. 389—390.

'As an *Historical Painter*, he cannot be placed in the same rank which he holds in the line of portraiture. The compositions of his portraits are unquestionably excellent, whilst his historical pictures are, in this respect, often very defective. They frequently consist of borrowed parts, which are not always suited to each other. Though many times inaccurate, and deficient in the style of drawing, they must, however, be allowed to possess great breadth, taste, and feeling, and many of them fine expression. His light poetical pieces much excelled those of a narrative or historical character. p. 390.

Though we have already detained our readers so long upon this great man, we cannot make up our minds to finish without saying a little upon the discourses, which, at the distribution of the prizes, he every year addressed to the members of the Academy. Nobody, we think, can peruse these, without feeling them to be the work of a mind of the strongest sense, of a mind that thought for itself. There is no common-place in them, none of the cant of criticism, no idle declamation. We know no work upon the fine arts that contains more original matter. Indeed, all the matter, whether new or not, is apparently original: he tells the students what had occurred to him in the course of his experience; and if others had said the same before, he seems not to have learnt it from them, but to have found it out for himself. This turn of mind, though it might in some degree be caught from his intercourse with Mudge and Johnson, was probably in a greater degree the effect of his having been obliged to shift for himself in youth, and to manage his own education. Notwithstanding all the advantages of an Academy, and that 'floating atmosphere of knowledge' which surrounds it,—and of these advantages we are fully aware,—it is to be feared that many students are hurt by having the means of improvement so copiously supplied to their hands, just as those savages who live among the greatest fertility and luxuriance of nature, are universally found to be of the most inert frames of body, and of the most languid and listless minds. He who is obliged to hunt the food he is to eat, will acquire strength and activity of limb; and he who is obliged to investigate the principles he is to work by, will acquire vigour and solidity of understanding.

The discourses are by no means limited to painting and painters; they are rather a work upon the general principles of the fine arts: and out of them might be formed a much more original, and instructive, and entertaining 'comparison between painting and poetry' than that which Dryden exposed himself by boasting he had written in twelve mornings. Indeed, the reader is perpetually struck with the appli-



cableness of the president's remarks on painting to the sister-art of poetry. One or two of the doctrines here delivered, and which are equally true and equally worthy of attention in all the arts that address themselves to the imagination, we shall take the liberty of laying before our readers.

The one, perhaps, that will be considered as the most extraordinary and paradoxical, is the subject of the thirteenth discourse, in which Sir Joshua undertakes to prove, that painting, (and indeed all the arts called *imitative*,) 'is not only not to be considered as an imitation, operating by deception, but that it is and ought to be, in many points of view, and strictly speaking, no imitation at all of external nature.' On this subject we have already more than once briefly spoken: we will now once for all give our opinions and the arguments on which they are founded at somewhat greater length. Now, to render the matter as plain as we can, let us consider a little what is the end of these arts. It is—to set the imagination at work, and to interest the feelings. To this one end, all the different artists are, or ought to be, working by different means;—whether by the pencil or the chissel, by the song or the dance, by poetry intended for private perusal or public recitation;—whether by engaging us with the charms of external nature, as the beauties of animals, the delicate proportions of the female form, the flowing outline and gorgeous colouring of extended landscape; or with the display of the tender affections, as the ardour of youthful lovers, the harmony of a domestic fire-side, the innocence and content of "happy nymphs and happy swains" in rural life;—or with the tempest and whirlwind of strong and overwhelming passions, as jealousy, and revenge, and disappointed love. Whatever subjects the painter or the poet or the sculptor chuses, his object is to draw off the imagination of the spectator from things around him, and by fixing it among a new and more interesting range of subjects, to draw forth his feelings towards them.

All the subjects which we have enumerated above, as those upon which the artist exercises his powers, are drawn from nature, and it might seem therefore that his art might very properly be called *μιμητική*—an imitation of nature. But let us consider again, the very different feelings with which we regard the productions of nature and the artist on any given subject. What would be the feelings of any of our readers on entering a poor man's cottage on a cold winter evening, on finding the inmates with very little food and very little

fire, and obliged at last to retire to a miserable bed cold and hungry? Without scruple we answer, painful, simply painful: nobody would enter such a place, but from a sense of duty and with the hope of bringing relief. Now, here is the poetical description of such a scene, and it is what would be called a most exact and faithful copy from nature, taken by one, too, who was well acquainted with the original from which he drew.

- ' The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
- ' Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
- ' But dying soon, *like all terrestrial joys*.
- ' The few small embers left she nurses well;
- ' And while her infant race with outspread hands
- ' And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
- ' Retires, *content to quake, so they be warm'd*.
- ' The man feels least, as more inured than she
- ' To winter, and the current in his veins
- ' More briskly moved by his severer toil;
- ' Yet *he too finds his own distress in theirs*.
- ' The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
- ' Dangled along at the cold finger's end,
- ' Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
- ' Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
- ' Of savory cheese, or butter costlier still,
- ' Sleep seems their only refuge.' *Task*. B. 4.

We ask again, what are the feelings with which this passage is read, and we answer, with as little scruple as before,—pleasurable, undoubtedly pleasurable. The passage, when read once, will be read again, probably read till it is fixed in the memory. What then occasions this difference between the feelings with which we enter the real cottage and the imaginary one? Surely this, that Cowper has not accurately copied from his original, and, though he exhibits a picture of great misery, has exhibited nothing disgusting, and has softened the whole by very pleasing poetical touches. In the first place, he has picked his cottagers,—‘poor, yet *industrious, modest, quiet, neat*’; then, he has brought into view the most amiable family feelings, and has kept back any thing like brawling or discontent or selfishness among the children; lastly, he has thrown in a very pretty poetical sentiment.

If a painter should undertake to represent the scene, he must use different means for softening the distress he is painting, yet he would use some. He would represent the children as sallow indeed and emaciated, yet still beautiful and interesting; the father and mother, with an expression of anguish in their countenances, but alleviated by mutual tenderness. Far be it from



us to say that the kindly affections do not exist in a cottage as well as in a lordly mansion; all we contend for is, that the poet or the painter, selecting from different models the loveliest features, and uniting them in one, keeping back at the same time all that is disagreeable or degrading, produces at last a whole that is unnatural, that is, that is not any where to be found in nature.

Is it bad criticism, then, to say of any particular sentiment, attitude, or expression of countenance, that it is *out of nature*, and therefore to condemn it? Not necessarily. There are two ways in which the poet and the painter, not only may but must, abide by nature. In the first place, (and this is what Sir Joshua insists upon,) to imitate any particular form, is *not* to imitate nature. He imitates nature truly, who, by examining many particulars, raises his mind to the perfect model after which nature works, and from which the little imperfections that characterize any individual are so many deviations. He separates the *essence* from the *accidents*, to use the language of the ancient metaphysicians. If a painter should wish to give a representation of Welsh scenery, he would not sally forth from his inn, and take the first view that presented itself on the high road. And yet he might truly affirm that this is Welsh. If a philosopher should wish to describe the English character, he would not take some counting-house clerk, or some college bed-maker as the original he was to copy. And yet he might vouch them English. But he would examine many individuals, observe the qualities common to most or many of them, and unite them in one character. This imaginary being would be the counterpart of no one Englishman, and yet would be more truly English than any one. Even so the pictures of the poet and the painter are not the precise likenesses of any thing in nature, and are therefore the more thoroughly natural. It is thus that we understand, and venture to explain, the doctrine of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But there is another kind of *naturalness* after which the artist must labour, and without which his works will not please. He must *appear* natural. To make our meaning plain, let us consider what kind of deception is practised on the spectator by the painter or the poet. No one will affirm that we believe the things before us to be real; that, instead of twenty square feet of canvas, at the distance of a few yards, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and surrounded with a gilt frame, we really think we see, at different distances, land and water, trees and houses, and men and women, who, in 'my uncle Toby's' phrase, 'have been dead these hundred years.' No one can expect a deception of this kind. What is required is, that the imagination, not the

eye, may be thus deceived, that at the suggestion of the artist, the mind may be led away, in a pleasing reverie, from the sign to the thing signified, and quite forgetting the picture and the poem, the painter and the poet, may lose itself among the scenes and personages that they describe. To this end many *individualities* are admitted by the great masters of their art, which strike the imagination forcibly, and give this appearance of reality to the piece. On the other hand, the imagination is rebutted by the appearance of any thing vehemently unnatural, and, instead of the subject, considers nothing but the artist and his production.

This leads us to another subject of great importance, and which occupies the greater part of the fourth discourse. It appears that it ought to be the object of the artist, (according to the old maxim) to keep himself and his art, as much as possible, out of view, and that nothing so much destroys the effect that he should labour after, as a consciousness of the spectator that he is labouring after it. Any thing, therefore, which catches the attention, not only from *unnaturalness*, but from minute accuracy, any thing in short which is observed in the picture, that would not have been observed in the original, is to be avoided.

‘ Whenever a story is related, every man forms a picture in his mind of the action and expression of the persons employed. The power of representing this mental picture on canvass is what we call invention in a Painter. And as in the conception of this ideal picture, the mind does not enter into the minute peculiarities of the dress, furniture, or scene of action; so when the Painter comes to represent it, he contrives those little necessary concomitant circumstances in such a manner, that they shall strike the spectator no more than they did himself in his first conception of the story.’\*

And again :

‘ In the same manner as the historical Painter never enters into the detail of colours, so neither does he debase his conceptions with minute attention to the discriminations of drapery. It is the inferior style that marks the variety of stuffs. With him, the clothing is neither woollen, nor linen, nor silk, satin, or velvet: it is drapery; it is nothing more.’†

‘ The powers exerted in the mechanical part of the Art have been called the *language of Painters*; but we may say, that it is but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk. Words should be employed as the means, not as the end: language is the instrument, conviction is the work.’‡

We need not say how translateable these observations are from painting to poetry, or point out to our readers the poet of the present day, whose practice they condemn. There is a passage much upon the same subject in another discourse.

\* Discourses. Vol. I. 81.

† Ibid. 90.

‡ Idem. 94.



'I remember a Landscape painter in Rome, who was known by the name of Studio, from his patience in high finishing, in which he thought the whole excellence of art consisted; so that he once endeavoured, as he said, to represent every individual leaf on a tree. This picture I never saw; but I am very sure that an artist, who looked only at the general character of the species, the order of the branches, and the masses of the foliage, would in a few minutes produce a more true resemblance of trees, than this painter in as many months.'\*

There are several other passages in the discourses on which we had intended to have made our remarks; but the length to which this article has imperceptibly run on, compels us to break off abruptly at once. We can only, therefore, recommend the President's works to all our critical readers, assuring them that they will find there a great deal of original criticism, and a great deal of ingenious illustration, delivered in a style pure and perspicuous and elegant.

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Art. II. *Journal of a Residence in India.* By Maria Graham., 4to. pp. 219. Price 11. 1s. Longman and Co. 1812.

WE agree with the fair writer of this volume in thinking, that most of our countrymen who have given us accounts of India, might have been, if not more instructive; at any rate a little more entertaining.

'Though India (she says) has certainly been visited by a greater number of intelligent Englishmen than any other foreign country, and has been the subject of innumerable publications, it is remarkable that there is no work in our language containing such a popular and comprehensive view of its scenery and monuments, and of the manners and habits of its natives and resident colonists, as we are commonly furnished with, by travellers, in countries incomparably less deserving of notice.'

This is undoubtedly true. It is a circumstance, too, the causes of which merit some consideration. The account of it, which is rendered by our author, is as follows:

'The chief reason probably is, that few people go to this remote region as mere idle or philosophical observers; and that of the multitude of well educated individuals who pass the best part of their days in it, the greater part are too constantly occupied with the cares and duties of their respective vocations as statesmen, soldiers, or traders, to pay much attention to what is merely curious or interesting to a contemplative speculator.'

Of our countrymen who spend the greater part of their lives in India, it is indeed remarkable how small a portion return with any considerable stock of knowledge respecting the region which they have left. Nor is this, perhaps, the worst part of

the case ; for, however miserably supplied with knowledge, they all come back with an abundant cargo of opinions, to which, because they profess to have been formed upon the spot, the superficial part of mankind generally pay implicit regard, and for which their authors, at least, never fail to claim an unbounded respect, as if they were the immediate objects of their senses ; whereas, in the great majority of cases, their opinions are only borrowed from one another, and have been originally drawn from partial and incomplete observation.

In general, the relaxation of the climate, the pursuits of avarice and ambition, ignorance of the languages, the difficulty of associating with the natives, who fly the polluting contact of a stranger, effectually shut out our countrymen from a knowledge of the natives. They see a few outside appearances, which are totally insufficient to form a ground-work for any just conclusions, if they were ever so well qualified to draw them ; and they are in general so little qualified to draw just conclusions, that if their knowledge of facts were far more extensive, they would generally be found in error. Yet their readiness to contradict, and to contradict with contumely, all those, who, upon the most careful survey and collation of facts, of the very facts to which they themselves bear witness, arrive at different conclusions from theirs, was probably never matched in any other instance. Witness the arrogance of the pamphlets which have been written upon the Hindu side of the missionary controversy, asserting the Hindus to be absolutely unchangeable, and their revolt against the English, if they preached to them Christianity, as absolutely certain. Witness the similar arrogance of those who advocated the Company's monopoly, and desired to shut their fellow-subjects out of India ; proclaiming the certainty of Hindu insurrection and rebellion, if Englishmen at large were allowed to trade and to settle in the country.

The writer of this volume arrived in India early in 1809, and left it early in 1811. In this time, however, (which she employed far more actively in collecting knowledge than most of the male residents) she saw a large portion of the coast of India, and of the people who inhabit it. She modestly undertakes only to relate what she saw, and rarely indulges in the display of her opinions, unless it be where she now and then hints her inability to adopt some of the conclusions of other writers.—Some of the most remarkable of these instances are, when she declares her dissent from the panegyrical representations with which we are so often treated of Hindu morality and Hindu happiness.

\* Most certainly the writer (she says) did not go far enough to meet with any of those remnants of the age of gold—any of those combinations of innocence, benevolence, and voluptuous simplicity, with which the imaginations of some ingenious authors.



the cottages of the Hindus. What she saw certainly suggested that materials of a very opposite picture.'

Aware of the importance of truth for all the beneficent purposes of government, and of the necessary subservience to bad government of all error and misrepresentation, she properly adds :

' In the sketch which she has attempted to exhibit, therefore, of this singular people, she flatters herself that she may have afforded some entertainment, and some matter of useful meditation even to the reflecting reader, and ventures to hope that she may perhaps contribute, in some instances, to direct the attention of those in whose hands so much of their destinies is placed, to the means of improving their moral and intellectual condition, as well as of securing them from political or civil injuries.'

This lady is not of the opinion of those, who declare that so much has been done for the moral, and intellectual, and civil and political condition of our fellow subjects among the natives of India, that nothing more remains to be done. And for our parts we are from the heart persuaded that she has most abundant grounds for her dissent. Nothing can be more suspicious than the circumstances in which these panegyrics upon the government and condition of the Hindus are pronounced. They are pronounced by those who have the highest interest in pronouncing them ; while those who alone can have an interest in refuting them, if they are not true, cannot be heard ; nay, more, while those, whom if untrue they injure, are not allowed to speak.

It is only upon some extraordinary emergency that any thing is allowed to transpire, which may be taken as a specimen of what exists on the opposite side of the account. Now and then, however, accidents of this sort occur. For example, there seems at present to exist in India a judge, who has more regard for the interests of justice, than for the praises of his countrymen in India. In the last parcel we received of Calcutta Gazettes, several instances are produced in which this magistrate, we mean the Chief Justice, Sir William Burroughs, has spoken out—has spoken facts, which have a comprehensive operation. We shall quote only one instance, and for facility of reference, it shall be one which has appeared very recently in the English papers. We allude to the trial of *Ensign* Thomas Soady, of the company's service, committed for the murder of Joy Sing, a native.

' It appeared in evidence, that *Ensign* Soady and others were sailing in a pinnace up the Ganges, when they were met by a native boat, which impeded for a moment the track rope of the pinnace ; *Ensign* Soady first called out to the people in the boat to disengage the rope, which they said they would do : but not doing it on the instant, he threw the fan of the oar at the boat. By this time the

'boat was clear of the pinnacle. Notwithstanding which, Ensign Soady went below, brought up a pistol and fired it at the boat (though the evidence in his favour said, that he lowered the muzzle, and only meant to frighten a *black fellow*); the consequence of which was, that Joy Sing immediately dropt out of the boat, and never again rose.'

This does, undoubtedly, appear to be one of the most unprovoked instances of wanton and aggravated barbarity that can be conceived, and, unless in a country where the sense of justice is deadened and well-nigh lost, by the frequency of its violation, must have excited general indignation and horror. Let us next attend to the declarations of the judge.

'The Chief Justice, Sir William Burroughs, made a very proper charge to the Jury, observing, 'You have again and again heard in this court, both from counsel and from judges, the loudest complaints and reprehensions of that wanton and cruel abuse of power towards the natives of this country, of which we have lately had so many fatal examples, not only in common soldiers, and among the lower order of Europeans, but in men far their superiors.'

Of these "complaints, of the wanton and cruel abuse of power toward the native inhabitants," we hear nothing in the writings of our Bruces, and of our Scot Warings, in the panegyrists of the Honourable Company, and the accusers of the missionaries. But let us hear what the Chief Justice subjoins.

'Within the short space of two years, no less, I think, than seven or eight *gentlemen*, in the civil and military service of the company, have been tried, like common felons, in that dock, for taking away the lives of natives.'

And when we see the cases, which by some rather extraordinary circumstances find their way into the courts of justice, what shall we say of those infinitely more numerous cases, which, we may be sure, in a country situated with regard to the means of justice as India is, are never heard of in a court at all; where the sufferers are too poor, or too distant, or too dependent to complain; where, as is generally the case, information and complaint may be threatened or bought off; where, unless in cases of extraordinary notoriety, the means of huddling up crimes of almost any atrocity are to the hand of power so perfectly easy.

The judge proceeds to notice a circumstance still more extraordinary—a circumstance which really appears to prove, that (as between themselves and the natives,) the sense of justice, if not absolutely dead, is exceedingly weakened in the breasts of Englishmen.

'It has been often observed (he says) that the juries in this country lean more towards the prisoner than they ought to do, in all cases wherein an European is brought to trial for violence committed



against a native inhabitant. And *an example* has been frequently called for, to check the *frequency* of enormities, so cruel to them, and so disgraceful to ourselves.'

This is exactly the atrocious circumstance which we are told exists in the West Indies, between the unhappy slaves and their masters. All Englishmen are tried by juries of Englishmen; and from the leaning of which Chief Justice Burroughs asserts the existence in India, it generally happens, that the crimes of masters towards their slaves are assured of impunity. All Englishmen are in the East Indies tried, in like manner, by juries of Englishmen, for all crimes committed against the natives; and if this leaning exists in an equal degree, or in a degree nearly equal, injustice toward the natives is in a great measure exempt from punishment. From what is stated by the judge, that "an example has frequently been called for," it would appear, that no example has been given, of that punishment, which would "check the frequency of enormities, so cruel to the natives, and so disgraceful to the English." It is at any rate not disguised, but affirmed, that, under this leaning, the chance of impunity to all crimes committed against the natives is so great, that the administration of justice is *not* a check to enormities.

To finish this account, we shall only state, that the jury in this case, in place of a verdict of murder, (which, we think, few will doubt would have been, in England, ensured by any similar atrocity) brought in a verdict merely of *man-slaughter*, on the allegation, it would appear, that the perpetrator of the offence only meant to "frighten the black fellow." We cannot help taking notice of this phrase. It involves in it much of the matter of proof. To fire a pistol "to frighten a black fellow," is spoken of, as one would speak in England of frightening a dog. It marks the deep degradation in which the natives are held. In a country in which a pistol, fired deliberately into a boat among a number of people, one of whom it kills, shall be held not to be murder, when it is alledged to be fired only to frighten a black fellow, the chance of the "black fellows" for justice must be wretched indeed. Suppose that the black fellow had fired a pistol into the pinnacle among the Englishmen, and shot Ensign Soady. We vehemently suspect that the insolent pretence, that he had only meant to "frighten the white fellow," would rather have been held to be an aggravation of his fault.

The fact is, that when the barbarities of wantonness are secure of absolute or comparative impunity, upon any frivolous pretence, the state of the people who are subject to these barbarities is worse, than if the indulgence were given to the murders

of avarice or revenge: because the occasions for murders of avarice and revenge occur but rarely, while those for murders and other atrocities of wantonness occur at every hour.

We shall here collect together a few of the circumstances mentioned by Mrs. Graham, which appear to characterise the condition of the great body of the people in India.

‘ The lower classes content themselves with small huts, mostly of clay, and roofed with *cadjan*, a mat made of the leaves of the palmyra, a cocoa-nut tree, plaited together. Some of these huts are so small, that they only admit of a man’s sitting upright in them, and barely shelter his feet when he lies down.’

‘ My expectations of Hindu innocence and virtue are just giving way, and I fear that, even among the Pariahs, I shall not find any thing like St. Pierre’s *Chaumière Indienne*. In fact, the Pariahs are outcasts so despicable, that a Brahmin not only would refuse to instruct them, but would think himself contaminated by praying for them. These poor creatures are employed in the lowest and most disgusting offices; they are not permitted to live in any town or village, or to draw water from the same well. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that their minds are degraded in proportion to their personal situation. They are filthy in all their habits, and do not scruple to use as food any dead animal they find; it is even said that, in some places, they do not reject human bodies. Thevenot says, that, when he was in India (A. D. 1665), human flesh was publicly sold in the market at Decca, about forty leagues from Baroche.’

‘ These people, if they have the virtues of slaves,—patience, meekness, forbearance, and gentleness—have their vices also. They are cunning, and incapable of truth; they disregard the imputations of lying and perjury: and would consider it folly not to practise them for their own interests. But

————— where  
Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
And not inforced oft times to part from truth,  
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
Say, and unsay, fawn, flatter, or abjure.’

Closing her account of her visit to the god and temples of Chimchore, Mrs. Graham says, ‘ I returned to our tents, filled with reflections not very favourable to the dignity of human nature, after witnessing such a degrading instance of superstitious folly. If I could be assured that the communication with Europe would, in ever so remote a period free the natives of India from their moral and religious degradation, I could even be almost reconciled to the methods by which the Europeans have acquired possession of the country.’

‘ There is something in the scenery of this place [the banks of the Ganges below Calcutta] that reminds me of the beauty of the banks of the Thames; the same verdure, the same rich foliage, the same majestic body of water; here are even villas too along the



banks : but the village and the cottage are wanting, whose inhabitants cannot suffer oppression unredressed, and to whom every employment is open of which their minds are capable, or their hearts ambitious enough to undertake. Perhaps there is something of pride in the pity I cannot help feeling for the lower Hindus, who seem so resigned to *all that I call evils in life*. Yet I feel degraded, when, seeing them half-clothed, half-fed, covered with loathsome disease, I ask how they came into this state, and what could amend it, and they answer, 'It is the custom.'—'It belongs to their caste to bear this;'—and they never attempt to overstep the boundaries which confine them to it.'

Mrs. Graham is very minute in describing the manners of the Europeans in India. On this subject she had ample means of information ; as she associated freely with the trading colonists, both in the Company's service and out of it, at all the three Presidencies, Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. It is with justice too that she regards it as a point of primary importance. From the character which is impressed upon the English by their situation in India, something may be gathered respecting the manner in which they discharge their duties, both toward those who employ them, and toward the people who are under their sway.

'With regard to the Europeans in Bombay, the manners of the inhabitants of a foreign colony are in general so well represented by those of a country town at home, that it is hopeless to attempt making a description of them very interesting. However, as it may be gratifying to know how little there is to satisfy curiosity, I shall endeavour to describe our colonists. On our arrival we dined with the Governor, and found almost all the English of the settlement invited to meet us. . . . I found our fair companions, like the ladies of all the country towns I know, under-bred, and over-dressed ; and, with the exception of one or two, very ignorant, and very *grossières*. The men are, in general, what a Hindu would call of a higher caste than the women ; and I generally find the *merchants* [i. e. the licensed traders, not the company's servants] the most rational companions. The civil servants to government, being, in Bombay, for the most part, young men, are so taken up with their own imaginary importance, that they disdain to learn, and have nothing to teach. Among the military, I have met with many well informed, and gentleman-like persons ;—but still the great number of men, and the small number of rational companions, make a deplorable prospect to one who anticipates a long residence here.'

Prodigious importance is bestowed upon rank and ceremony. 'The ladies are handed to table, according to the strictest ranks of precedence, by a gentleman of a rank corresponding to their own ; and the different couples, who have been paired off, invariably sit together, on account of their rank, at every great dinner.' The conversation is made up of two ingredients,

detraction and dress. Each couple (for there is no general conversation) 'amuse themselves at table with remarks on the company, as satirical as their wit will allow; and woe be to the stranger, whose ears are certain of being regaled with the catalogue of his supposed imperfections and misfortunes, and who has the chance of learning more of his own history than in all probability he ever knew before. After dinner the same topics continue to occupy the ladies, with the addition of lace, jewels, intrigues, and the latest fashions. The repast itself is as costly as possible.'

The ill manners and bad qualities of the civil servants of the company, in all parts of India, appear to have made a strong impression upon the mind of our author. Among the observations which fall from her at Madras, she says,

'I often see natives of Pondicherry, *French converts*, going about with boxes of lace and artificial flowers, made chiefly by the ladies of the decayed French families in that settlement. There is something in the gaiety of the French character which communicates itself to all around. I have seen a black man from Pondicherry, handle a lace, a flower, a ribbon, with all the air of a fine gentleman, and in his rags shew more politeness and gallantry, *than half our Madras civil servants are possessed of.*

Besides the ill manners of the Madras civil servants, there is another thing here to be taken notice of, the existence of *French converts* among the natives. We are triumphantly told by the opponents of preaching in India, that the Indians *cannot* be converted, and that our missionaries spend their labours in vain. We here see that the French made converts, and that the number is so great as to form a sort of trade or caste. It is also well known that the Portuguese made converts in abundance. It is for the opponents of the English missions to shew what there is in the English form of Christianity, that renders it revolting, and prevents acceptance.—The following is another stroke in the picture of English manners in India.

'It is the fashion for all the gentlemen and ladies of Madras, to repair, in their gayest equipages, to the mount road, and after driving furiously along, they loiter round and round the Cenotaph for an hour, partly for exercise, and partly for the opportunity of flirting and displaying their fine clothes, after which they go home to meet again every day in the year. But the greatest lounge at Madras is during the visiting hours, from nine o'clock till eleven, when the young men go from house to house to retail the news, ask commissions to town for the ladies, bring a bauble that has been newly set, or one which the lady has obliquely hinted, at a shopping party the day before, she would willingly purchase, but that her husband does not like her to spend so much, and which she thus obtains from some young man, one quarter of whose monthly salary is probably sacrificed to his gallantry. When all the visitors who have any business



are gone to their offices, another troop of idlers appear, still more frivolous than the former, and remains till *tiffin*, at two o'clock, when the real dinner is eaten, and wines and strong beer from England are freely drank. The ladies then retire, and for the most part undress, and lye down with a novel in their hands, over which they generally sleep. About five o'clock the master of the family returns from his office, the lady dresses herself for the mount road, returns, dresses, dines, and goes from table to bed, unless there be a ball, when she dresses again, and dances all night; and this, I assure you, is a fair, very fair account of the usual life of a Madras lady.

Our fair observer is rather better pleased with the society of Calcutta than either of the other Presidencies; but her preference seems to rest upon the qualities of a few individuals, and by no means of the mass.

'The English society of Calcutta, as it is more numerous, affords a greater variety of character:—and a greater portion of intellectual refinement, than that of either of the other presidencies. I have met with some persons of both sexes in this place, whose society reminded me of that we have enjoyed together in Britain: when some of the wisest and best of our countrymen, whose benevolence attracted our attention as their talents commanded our esteem, loved to relax from their serious occupations in the circle of their friends. Among the few here who know and appreciate those things, the most agreeable speculations are always those that point homeward to that Europe, where the mind of man seems to flourish in preference to any other land. If we look round us; the passive submission, the apathy, and the degrading superstition of the Hindus; the more active fanaticism of the Mussulmans;—the avarice, the prodigality, the ignorance, and the vulgarity of most of the white people; seem to place them all on a level, infinitely below that of the least refined nations of Europe.'

Nothing can be more unfavourable than this account of the generality of our countrymen in India, whose vices level them with the half civilized natives. Elsewhere she remarks,

'I grieve that the distance kept up between the Europeans and the natives, both here and at Madras, is such, that I have not been able to get acquainted with any native families as I did at Bombay.'

This is a circumstance of importance. The English refuse to associate with the natives, as if the one were of a higher, the other a lower caste. Mrs. Graham speaks of natives of wealth and distinction. If such is the state of feeling on the part of the English caste, we may easily conceive to what conduct it gives birth on the one side, and to what sentiments on the other.

The trait of the English character marked in the two concluding sentences of the following passage, is one of deep impression, and singles out that character, not greatly to its advantage, among the men of almost every other country on the globe.

‘ Calcutta, like London, is a small town of itself, but its suburbs swell to a prodigious city, peopled by inhabitants from every country in the world. Chinese and Frenchmen, Persians and Germans, Arabs and Spaniards, Americans and Portuguese, Jews and Dutchmen, are seen mixing with the Hindus and English, the original inhabitants and actual possessors of the country. This mixture of nations ought, I think, to weaken national prejudices; but, among the English at least, the effect seems diametrically opposite. Every Briton appears to pride himself in being outrageously a John Bull.’

To be outrageously a John Bull, is to be very arrogant and very coarse; an affectation derived from the bad parts of English education, and which an improved mode of culture and instruction would subdue. Its practical effects are very pernicious:—it tends to harden the character, and render it tyrannical and brutal; and it generates unavoidable disaffection in those who are subject to its operation. Mrs. Graham adds, that notwithstanding the lofty assumptions of John-bullism, she believes that under English sway, in point of substantial rights, and law, all natives are equal. It appears that the train of circumstances disclosed to us, by Chief Justice Sir William Burroughs, had been concealed from her view.

Among the circumstances brought forward by our traveller, a few more appear to us of too much importance to be neglected.

‘ In Bombay there are a good many Banyans, or travelling merchants, who come mostly from Guzerat, and roam about the country with muslins, cotton-cloth, and shawls, to sell. On opening one of their bales, I was surprised to find at least *one-half* of its contents of British manufacture, and such articles were much cheaper than those of equal fineness from Bengal and Madras. It seems strange that cotton carried to England, manufactured, and returned to this country, should undersell the fabrics of India, where labour is so cheap.’

Yet with what confidence were we lately told by the obstreperous advocates for the monopoly, that India could never afford a vent for her British manufactures; as the Indians would never provide a demand for our goods.

Having described a religious procession of the Hindus, in which there was much noise and glitter, which have often passed upon our countrymen for sublime, Mrs. Graham, with better discrimination, remarks; “All this looks very well at a distance, but when one comes near, one is shocked at the meanness and inelegance of the God, and at the filth and wretchedness of his votaries.” This remark will apply to much of what has excited the admiration of some of us, in the religion, literature, arts, and politics of the Hindus. The near approach of an intelligent eye scatters the illusion.



\* Returning last night from my evening's drive, I passed the English burying-ground for the first time. There are many acres covered so thick with columns, urns, and obelisks, that there scarcely seems to be room for another. It is a little city of the dead. It extends on both sides of the road, and you see nothing beyond it: and the greater number of those buried here are under five and twenty years of age! It is a painful reflection, yet one that forces itself upon the mind, to consider the number of young men cut off in their first two or three years residence in this climate.'

When the hands which are employed in throwing dust in our eyes, to prevent us from seeing India as it is, produce the fortunes of those who come home from India, as something which we ought wonderfully to prize, they take care to keep out of sight the price which we pay for them; in the lives (nine in ten) which are lost, with all the expence which is bestowed in educating and fitting out a writer or cadet, and all the wealth of which they might have been the creators had they remained at home. Let this account be fairly balanced, and we shall then see on which side the deficit remains.

We have now produced what appear to us the most remarkable particulars in this entertaining, and instructive volume, which we recommend to general perusal. Mrs. Graham stands very high in the rank of travellers. She is both an active and an intelligent observer. She looks abroad upon the beauties of nature with a warm sensibility, and describes them with skill. She is an instructed botanist, an important quality for the traveller, without which the vegetable treasures of a foreign land can be described with no precision. She has a mind too well furnished, and too discriminating to be imposed upon either by first, or by false appearances, in human conduct and human situation. She does not adopt opinions, merely because they have been held by others. It is necessary to add that she abstains from all the discussions which have grown out of the politics of India, and confines herself to what may be called a popular view of that great country—'a work,' to use her own words, 'which, without entangling its readers in the thorny walk of politics or commercial speculation, should bring before them much of what strikes the eye and the mind of an observant stranger,—and addressing itself rather to the general reader than to those who are professionally connected with the regions it describes, should perform the same humble but useful office as to India, which tolerably well-written books of travels have done as to most of the other countries of the world.' We have no hesitation in saying that what she has undertaken she has well performed. Of the style of the work we have produced so full a specimen in the extracts which we have selected,

that little on that subject needs to be said. It is flowing, perspicuous, and in general easy. There is more of swell perhaps than the temper of the work demanded; but that is the taste of the times; and Mrs. Graham offends in this particular far less than is generally done by our candidates for literary fame—to which *eloquence* seems now to be thought the only passport; eloquence in a peculiar sense; eloquence after the Johnsonian and Burkeian fashion; a perpetual attempt to say every thing in a lofty manner, always verbose, and often turgid.

Art. III. *A Reply to the Strictures of the Rev. Isaac Milner, D.D. Dean of Carlisle, &c.* By Herbert Marsh, D.D. F.R.S. Margaret Professor of Divinity in Cambridge. 8vo. pp. iv. 171. Price 3s. 6d. Rivington. 1813.

Art. IV. *Dr. Marsh's Fact; or, A Congratulatory Address to the Church-Members of the British and Foreign Bible Society.* By the Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 30. Price 1s. Hatchard. 1813.

**POOR** Dr. Marsh! Never did any one more completely verify the observation, that when a man of learning engages in a bad cause, his talents as well as his reputation become injured by the attempt. He has been labouring, according to his own account, 'to oppose a torrent of burning lava that issues from *Ætna*,' and no wonder that his faculties, instead of his fingers, have been scorched in the trial. If it were not that he gets more out of temper as his defeat becomes more signal, we really should condole with him, and lament that men of all ranks and persuasions, and almost all degrees of ability,—that clergymen and laymen, dignified divines and country curates, right honourables and plebeians, papists and protestants, methodists and quakers, should all, as the Doctor elegantly expresses it, "peck by instinct," and peck successfully too, "at the Margaret Professor." Vile "broods!" for broods the Professor terms them; they have gone "well-nigh" to peck out the eyes of his understanding: but before this mental Sampson entirely yields, he has here made one desperate effort in his conscious chains, careless whether he destroys himself, provided he can bury the Philistines in the same ruins.

We most assuredly "set down nought in malice," when we affirm that, except in the pages of a celebrated "*Portraiture of Methodism*," we never met with more bad writing, paltry insinuation, direct misrepresentation, and intemperate invective, in such small compass, than in Dr. Marsh's *Reply to Dean Milner's Strictures*. We are unwilling to support this assertion



by quotations; but can most unhesitatingly refer to the book itself for its full confirmation. Such, of our readers, however, as have had enough of the ridiculous controversy commenced by Dr. Marsh, (and who has not long ago been sated with it?) may like to know how this logical writer manages to set up any fresh arguments in reference to this topic; and for their edification we present the following syllabus in his own language.

‘ PART I. General Defence of the Inquiry.

‘ Chap. 1. The Inquiry into the consequences of neglecting to give the Prayer-Book with the Bible, founded on the FACT that the non-distribution of the Prayer-Book with the Bible was then JUSTIFIED by the church advocates of the Bible Society.

‘ 2 Proof of the FACT that when the Inquiry was published, the church advocates of the Bible Society JUSTIFIED the non-distribution of the Prayer-Book with the Bible.

‘ 3. Further proof of the FACT from Dr. Milner’s own speech at the Town Hall in Cambridge on December 12, 1811; with remarks on his present attempt to vindicate his application of the terms TRADITION and CORRECTIVE to the Prayer-Book.

‘ 4 Weakness of Dr. Milner’s effort to EVADE the FACT.

‘ 5. Artfulness of the attempt to get rid of the FACT by the means of substitution.

‘ 6. Whether the PRACTICE of distributing the Prayer-Book with the Bible prevailed GENERALLY among the church members of the Bible Society during the eight years, which elapsed between the foundation of the Society, and the publication of the Inquiry.

‘ 7. Of the TENDENCY of the Bible Society to make the church members of it inattentive to the distribution of the Prayer-Book.

‘ 8. Effects produced by the Inquiry on the distribution of the Prayer-Book

‘ PART II. Defence of the Inquiry in reference to particular points: with Remarks on various subjects connected with it

‘ Chap. 1. Falsity of the assertion, that the Inquiry imputed a disregard of the Liturgy to churchmen in general who were members of the Bible Society.

‘ 2. Absurdity and malice of the attempt to represent an opposition to the Bible SOCIETY, as implying an opposition to the BIBLE.

‘ 3. Imputation of Popery.

‘ 4. On Calvinism, as connected with the Inquiry.

‘ 5 The same subject continued, in reference to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: to Anti-Calvinistic Tracts; and to the Author’s Anti-Calvinistic Sermons.

‘ 6. Reply to Dr. Milner’s Remarks on the National Society.

‘ 7. Dr. Milner’s Representation of himself and his adversary.

‘ 8. Mischiefs at Cambridge.

‘ APPENDIX. Sect. 1. The Principle, on which the Theorem was founded, for determining the Identity of Manuscripts, defended

against the objections of Dr. Milner; and his own Principle of Computation proved to be a false one.

' 2. Dr. Milner's extraordinary Mistake about the meaning of Sir Isaac Newton's *VERA CAUSA*; and his consequent false Application of it to the Hypothesis of the Three first Gospels.'

From this "*table sommaire des matières*" the reader will at once guess that "A leaden iteration reigns throughout" this new performance of Dr. Marsh; nor will the guess be very inaccurate. The Doctor's argument runs round in a perpetual circle, in which he may write till dooms-day, and neither he nor his few remaining admirers be a whit nearer the truth than they now are. The Prayer-Book is the '*basis*' of the Church of England,—and the Bible is its '*foundation*;'—but giving away the Bible tends to make people 'forget that they are churchmen,' and the momentous "*FACT*" is, that this does produce, or tend to produce, or *may* tend to produce, a neglect of the Prayer-Book,—and then men will become Calvinists, or will have a *TENDENCY* to become Calvinists,—and thus they will play or *may* play into the hands of 'the Dissenting Interest:' for Dissenters 'neglect the Liturgy,' and are therefore not '*well-affected* to the church;' but this 'evil' of giving away Bibles with all its may-be's and *TENDENCIES*, the giving away Prayer-books 'tends to correct,' for 'the Prayer-Book is the *basis* of the Church of England.' This course brings the Professor very naturally to the point whence he set out; but having gone over the path with some velocity and impetus, the very *vis inertia* of the revolving body (or *mind*, if the reader so please to consider it), carries it beyond this precise term, and causes it to run through the same orbit incessantly, except in so far as it may be operated upon by some of the "disturbing causes," which our author so scientifically handles in his appendix.

But, be the *VERA CAUSA* what it may, all philosophers know, that when any luminary moves with great rapidity, it excites the sensation of a continued glare, which dazzles the sight, and prevents the nature and magnitude of the object from being duly estimated: thus also, as it should seem, the unusual lustre shed around by the Professor as he proceeds in his course, has so dimmed the faculties of ordinary mortals, as to occasion their mistaking most marvellously his object and intentions. For our own parts we are not backward to confess that we really understood Dr. Marsh in his former publications, to affirm sometimes, and to insinuate *always*, that a want of attachment to the Liturgy pervaded the clerical members of the Bible Society, and that they were very negligent in respect to its circulation: we fancied also that he produced documents, such as the accounts of Prayer-Books printed and sold at different



places, in order to establish this lamentable "FACT." But now "Dr. Marsh has come forward and declared to all the world, that *he never intended to impute such a neglect to Clergymen*, and that he has been totally misunderstood respecting all that he has spoken on this subject." Mr. Simeon, in his spirited and able little pamphlet, in which, however, we fear he is, sometimes, rather off his guard, avails himself very properly of this circumstance, and congratulates his clerical brethren upon it.

'I should never dream (says Mr. S.) that *any* author, much less one so acute as Dr. Marsh, would write about the consequences of a thing which did not exist: at least, I should have thought, especially if the author was fond of *hypotheses*, that he would have told us, that both his arguments and his conclusions were *hypothetical altogether*. The title, to express the author's mind, should have been "The consequences of neglecting to give away the Prayer-Book, IF the giving away of Bibles and the consequent *justification of that act*; should ever produce such a neglect."

Again,

'Be it known then to all the world, that *Dr. Marsh disavows any intention of accusing the friends of the Bible Society of neglecting to give away the Prayer-Book*. O that every one who has received a false impression, might now be rightly informed! O that all who have circulated Dr. Marsh's pamphlets, or laboured to diffuse his arguments, might now learn from Dr. Marsh himself, that he *never intended to impute to the friends of the British and Foreign Bible Society the neglect of which they have been supposed to be guilty*: (see pp. 40, 41, of his Reply) but that he only argued on a *supposition* that the giving away the Bible so freely, and the justifying of that act so boldly, as had been done by the friends of the Bible Society, might in time lead to a neglect of the Prayer-Book.

'And now that Dr. Marsh has rectified the mistake of the whole world, permit me also to rectify a mistake of his. He has conceived, and the scope of his book as he now acknowledges it, goes to prove, that the advocates of the British and Foreign Bible Society have *justified a neglect of giving away the Prayer-Book*. But I am happy to say, that no one member of the Church of England that has advocated the cause of the Bible Society has, as far as I know, on any occasion, *justified* a neglect of giving away the Prayer-Book: all that any of them have justified is a free and universal distribution of the Bible. It was not any member of the Bible Society that first put the Prayer-Book in competition with the Bible; but Dr. Marsh, who would not suffer members of the Established Church to use their own discretion to give Bibles and Prayer-books when, and how, they pleased; but would insist on their getting Bibles from one place alone (only), and *always* accompanying the Bible with the Prayer-Book. This right only, of getting Bibles from what society they pleased, and of distributing them in the way they judged expedient, was the thing claimed by any of them.'

Enough has now been said, we trust, by the Episcopalian advocates of the Bible Society, to justify their distribution of Bibles in any way they please. Indeed we think much less might have sufficed, and doubtless *would* have sufficed, had it not been for the currency given to Dr. Marsh's arguments by the mere authority of his situation. As to the reasonings themselves, they are throughout, of the most absurd, contradictory, narrow, and bigotted stamp; they are rather such as would have been brought forward by some illiterate but shrewd rustic solicitor in defending the encroachments of a petty corporate town, than such as might be expected to flow from the expanded intellect of a Divinity Professor in one of the most celebrated Universities of Europe. But, we recollect the remark of Cicero—" *Nihil tam absurdum quod non dictum sit ab aliquo philosophorum*:" and we stand corrected.

Dr. Marsh has, in the pamphlet before us, a farewell thrust at the Calvinists. And the way in which he manages this, as well as that in which the Calvinistic controversy is introduced *at all* into discussions relative to the Bible Society, is very natural and obvious to so acute a logician as Dr. Marsh. Calvinists, as well as other Christians, are members of that society; but there are many things in the liturgy and articles which Calvinists must entirely disapprove; therefore, it must be exceedingly dangerous to give away Bibles alone. There are many "weak men" who see no necessary connexion between the minor and the conclusion of this much-vaunted syllogism. But the way in which it has been generally met, is by a positive denial of the minor; and that by an appeal to fact. Many of the most celebrated fathers, Lady Margaret Professors, and other divines of the English Church, have been notorious Calvinists\*; so that it is easy to trace a succession of such men from the times of Cranmer and Latimer, of Hooker, of Beveridge, &c. down to those of Toplady and the venerable Thomas Scott. This our Professor endeavours to rebut in a manner peculiarly his own. He imputes notions to Calvinists which they uniformly disclaim, denies to them sentiments which they as constantly avow, caricatures and distorts many important opinions held by them in common with all pious men; and

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\* "This, says Dr. Ward (one of Dr. Marsh's predecessors in the Lady Margaret Professorship) can I truly add, for a conclusion, that the Church of England, *from the beginning of the Reformation*, and this our famous University, with ALL those who from thence till now have with us enjoyed the Divinity chair, if we except one foreign Frenchman, [N. B. It is not said whether he had previously studied at a German University.] have constantly adhered to St. Austin in these points." *Concio ad Clerum*, Cambridge, 1625, p. 45.



by this strange modification readily produces imaginary religionists who may dislike the Prayer-Book or any other book. According to Dr. Marsh's standard of Calvinism, Calvin himself was not a Calvinist: for he fancies that no man of this persuasion can adopt the proposition "*that though we cannot be saved BY our works, we cannot be saved WITHOUT them*;" while the truth is, that Calvin and *all* Calvinists, except the *very few* who have run to the antinomian extreme, maintain this proposition with as much energy as Dr. Marsh himself, and with much more consistency.

The learned Doctor has developed a few theological discoveries in this branch of his Inquiry and Reply to which we shall briefly advert. Two or three of his opponents have taken care to remind him of some sermons preached by him in the University church, which contained sentiments unfavourable, as was thought by many, not merely to Calvinism, but to sound evangelical religion altogether. He meets their charge by quoting what, of course, he considers as *least* objectionable; yet he advances some odd fancies, notwithstanding. He allows most fully the doctrine of justification by faith; he says, the Calvinists are decidedly right in their interpretation of the *eleventh* article of the Church of England; nay, he says farther,—'let it be granted to the Calvinists that according to the *eleventh*, *twelfth*, and *thirteenth* articles, the performance of good works is neither a *cause* nor a *condition* of justification: let them remain in possession of a post, which is *really impregnable*, and should never have been attacked.' But though he magnanimously concedes them these points, it is only that he may throw them off their guard, and grind them to powder in a new position. To this end he gives to the world a discovery worthy of a Professor of Divinity in the nineteenth century, namely, that *justification* and *regeneration* are *inseparably connected* with *baptism*! Should Dr. Milner, or his friends, be any more troubled with the inquiries "Is Dr. Marsh a great Divine? Has he excelled all others in promoting the knowledge of true religion?"—this grand discovery will furnish a ready answer. For the intellectual process which led to the discovery, the reader may consult pp. 117, 118, of Dr. Marsh's Reply; and for some lively animadversions upon it, may turn to pp. 25, 26, 27, of Mr. Simeon's Congratulatory Letter.

Dr. Marsh presents his readers with a very entertaining, though we humbly venture to think not very logical, chapter, "on the *absurdity* and *malice* of the attempt to represent an opposition to the Bible Society, as implying an opposition to the Bible." Perhaps it might have been still more amusing had he exerted his ingenuity in proving that his opposition to the *Bible Society* resulted from a genuine *love* to the Bible *itself*;

but, taking the matter as it now stands, we have no room to complain of want of entertainment.

In the 1st place, it is pretended, the charge is *absurd*. Why? Because Dr. Milner misunderstood the nature of the Professor's boast when he said, 'I challenge my opponents to declare whether they have laboured harder than I have done, to promote the study of the Bible.' Dr. Milner endeavoured to show that whatever his *labours* may have been, they have not been very successful; and that even if they had, they were more likely to produce a speculative and critical, than a devotional and beneficial, study of the Bible. Now mark Dr. Marsh's triumphant reply:

'In this challenge I boasted of nothing but my *industry*, of which a man may boast without much vanity: but it was sufficient to repel the charge of my opponents. And I *properly* challenged them to shew, that they had *laboured* harder than I had done, to promote the study of it, because it shewed the injustice of their insinuations in the stronger light. Whether I have *successfully* laboured, is another inquiry which has no concern with the present question.'

It is really difficult to conceive that any man capable of counting twenty should delight in such egregious trifling as this. It is, as though he should say, "I know how the *methodistic brood* will cry up your Dealtrys, and Gisbornes, and Simeons; their unwearied labours 'in season and out of season' to strengthen men against the assaults of Satan, and promote the humble, devotional, reading of the Bible: and though they may have converted more souls in one sermon than I ever gave Bibles to in all my life, yet I have *laboured* as hard as any of them; and therefore I may boast of my *industry*, aye, and *properly*, too!" Let the reader picture to himself, a hero just returned from Spain, covered with scars and with glory, and fancy a man who had never seen a battle, exclaiming, "Well, *he* may boast, and so may *I*: have not I written against Bonaparte in the newspapers; and caricatured him in the print-shops; and did not I for four-and-twenty hours together thrust my head against a horn-work at Cumberland fort, that I might experimentally ascertain whether fortifications could be overthrown by any other means so well as by artillery; and have not I invented an algebraical theorem to compute the relative strengths of batteries made of earth, stone, and bricks, due allowance being made for "disturbing causes?" I don't say that in all this I have laboured *successfully*, but surely I may boast of my *industry*?" Could any person laugh at such an idiotic boaster, and yet commend Dr. Marsh?

But, 2dly, the charge to which the Doctor adverts in this chapter, is *malicious*. How does he prove it? By transcribing a letter sent to him by one who either is, or pretends to be, an



honest and well-meaning, but bigoted and not very cultivated Quaker, who, taking it for granted that the Professor's aversion to the Bible Society arises from an irreligious turn of mind, most solemnly exhorts him to speedy repentance. The learned Doctor, by a novel exercise of his logical faculties, most acutely infers that no person could ever think of exhorting a professor of divinity to repentance and prayer who did not mean to shoot him; and is therefore really alarmed lest his expostulatory "friend" should become an assassin. The letter, and *part* of Dr. Marsh's inferences from it, are here given.

"Let me tell thee, if thou preventest the poor from reading the Bible, thou art hindering them from going to Heaven, and perhaps thou art the cause of their damnation. Shudder at the thought of keeping one of these poor creatures in ignorance, or of being like the lawyers, who would not go to Heaven, nor permit others to enter in. Wilt thou fight against God? Look at Pharoah, Korah, Dathan, &c. &c. How canst thou pretend to instruct youth, and have not a real regard for the Bible? How canst thou profess thyself a Protestant, and not love the Bible? Look at the Martyrs, that were burnt for the Bible, that rejoiced that they were worthy to suffer for the Bible. And yet wilt thou call thyself a Protestant, and despise the Bible? But, if thou wilt say thou dost love it, and it has done thee good, why then must not the poor have it? Why must not they go to Heaven? Why must they go to Hell because not rich? or don't fill thy Professor's chair? Remember, I warn thee of thy ways. Thou art fighting against God. Thou art an enemy to true religion; thou art a friend of the prince of the power of the air. And I tell thee, as Nicodemus was told, except thou art born again, thou canst not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Repent, or else like Judas, thou shalt go to thy own place, where with Dives thou wilt call for water to cool thy parching tongue." And after more to the same purpose, he concludes as follows: "I say thou art an enemy to God, and all righteousness; thou art an agent for Hell; and soon the wrath of God will be poured out upon thee. Throw down the arms of rebellion; fall down at the footstool of mercy; call upon thy God, or else it will be too late. I warn thee of destruction. Escape for thy life."

'This letter,' says Dr. Marsh, 'is not only remarkable for its bigotry and intolerance, but is of so *menacing* a character, as to excite apprehensions even for *personal* safety. That the writer of it would tie the Margaret Professor to the stake, if he had the *power* to do so, can hardly admit a doubt.'

But, farther, the aforesaid charge is *malicious*, because the late Mr. Perceval never made it; and 'the honour of having been esteemed by such a man is sufficient to compensate for the invectives of ten thousand adversaries.' It seems that when Dr. Marsh published his celebrated "Inquiry," he sent a copy of it to that lamented statesman, who, as is very usual, we ap-

prehend, on such occasions, returned him a complimentary letter of thanks *before* he had read it : and, with a ludicrous self-complacency, like that with which a raw under-graduate shews to his fellow students a note from his college-tutor inviting him to breakfast, the over-joyed Professor avails himself of every opportunity of exhibiting the *favourable* portion of this letter. Thus, it is inserted at page 54 of the Reply to Mr. Vansittart, again at page 125 of the Reply to Dr. Milner, and, that our author may derive all possible advantage from it, we quote it once more here.

‘I may be allowed to quote the concluding sentence of a letter which he wrote to me on the 6th of last February. Having acknowledged the receipt of my ‘Inquiry’ and having *lamented*, that he had not then had time to read it, he concluded with the following sentence.

‘I assure you I am too fully sensible of the motives which influence you, not to be able to differ from you on that point, without suffering such difference to have the slightest effect in diminishing the regard and respect with which I am, Dear Sir,

Yours, most truly,  
Spencer Perceval.’

When transcribing this delicious compliment into the work now before us, Dr. Marsh says, ‘Mr. Perceval was *disgusted* with the treatment which I received.’ Of this the public have no proof; and if they had, it would not stand for much, because according to our author’s own statement, Mr. P. had not read the “Inquiry,” and therefore was not a competent judge of the treatment the inquirer ought to receive. Had that enlightened and amiable man perused the “Inquiry,” and, much more, had he perused Dr. Marsh’s subsequent publications, there can be little doubt but that his disgust would have been transferred from the Professor’s opponents to the Professor himself. By the way, it is rather curious, that in the whole range of this controversy, the only known persons who should have been commended by our disinterested author, are the late and the present *Chancellors of the Exchequer*. (vide pp. 3 and 125.) This is a singular anomaly, the “*vera causa*” of which we leave to the sagacity of our philosophizing friends.

Our learned author having, as he fancies, clipped the wings of the “brood of methodistic” churchmen pretty closely, flourishes his professorial scissars *in terrorem* at the pert presbyterian chickens. Dr. Milner, weak, unsuspecting, man! seems to think, “a dread of contagion” from occasional intercourse with Dissenters, especially in the exercise of Christian benevolence, almost as ridiculous as the alarm of the poor woman whose husband that had never had the small-



pox, was buried by the side of one who died of that sad disorder. The Dean says, he has known several Dissenters 'who could honestly declare that they *were well-affected* to our establishment in Church and State.' To this Professor Marsh replies,

'Now if a Dissenter is really well-affected to the *Established Church*, I am really at a loss to comprehend why he should remain a *Dissenter*. Why should a man continue to *reject* what he really *approves*?' 'By being well-affected to the church, we do not understand a mere absence of hostility; we understand *the being attached to the doctrine and discipline of the church*. But how can any conscientious *Dissenter* declare that he is attached to the doctrine and discipline of the church? Would it not be a declaration of his *believing* one thing and *professing* another?'

To us this appears the most puerile trifling. What, in the eye of the law, are Dissenters, but they who are in the habit of attending separate places of worship? "Separatists (says Jacob) from the church, and the service and worship thereof." The *Episcopal Church* established\* in these realms, though, in many respects very excellent, yet, in so far as it is under the control of man, is regulated by *human* devices, and may therefore (none but the most ignorant devotee will deny it) be *imperfect*. Thus, in many of our large towns, the provision for religious instruction among Episcopalians is very inadequate. In the parish of St. Pancras for example, the parish church will contain about 200 persons, and other places of worship belonging to the regular Episcopalians about 2000 more, while the population of the parish exceeds *fifty-thousand*! So that here, the bulk of the population, if they happen to think the care of the soul "the one thing needful" *must* worship in separate chapels: yet it by no means follows as a necessary consequence, that they "reject the church:" the truth may simply be that the church rejects, or at least, neglects, them.

Again, take a case (like that alluded to by Mr. Simeon, p. 27.) where the clergyman prefers being out on a shooting party, to visiting the sick, or instructing the ignorant; or thinks more of augmenting his tythes than of converting souls; or is totally regardless of the spiritual welfare of his flock; or preaches obviously false doctrine, making the sentiments delivered from the pulpit contradict those that are delivered from the reading desk. Might not a man in such a case,

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\* We employ this phraseology because in the opinion of a great law Lord, "every separate congregation that meets in a place of worship duly registered, and whose minister has obtained a licence, is as much a part of the religion established by law in this kingdom, as the *Episcopal church* herself."

prefer "the coarse brown loaf of the tabernacle" to the empty husks offered him in the church, and yet remain '*well-affected* to the doctrine and discipline of the church;' and be all the while mourning in secret that her interests should so lamentably be bartered by those who are fattening upon her emoluments?

Once more, look at the conduct of those Dissenters (not a few) who subscribe to the Prayer-book and Homily Society. Will Dr. Marsh affirm that such conduct does not result from a solicitude to see the primitive spirit and discipline of this Protestant Church restored; that it is 'a declaration of their believing one thing and professing another;' and that notwithstanding, they who so act *cannot* be well-affected to the Church? Or, will he say that such conduct simply proves that they admire the Prayer-book and Homilies? If, as Dr. Marsh is incessantly arguing, "the Prayer-book is the *basis* of the establishment," "the *safeguard* of the Church," &c. it will require a much happier knack at making "the worse appear the better reason" than even this gentleman possesses, to prove that he who cheerfully contributes, to the utmost of his ability, to the distribution of Prayer-books and Homilies, is inimical to the Church.

It would be easy to extend this detail to Dissenters of all persuasions, as Independants, Baptists, Presbyterians, &c. and to shew that though something in their principles may render their dissent conscientiously necessary, it by no means naturally follows, that they may not be "well-affected to the church." The only class of nonconformists whose principles can *fairly* be interpreted as hostile to the church, is the comparatively small one who think that the *establishment* of religion under *any form* is incompatible with Christianity: and even of these, there are doubtless several, whatever may be inferred from their sentiments, who would dread the overthrow of the establishment of this country, nearly if not quite as much as Dr. Marsh himself.

But the learned Professor will reply, they are not *satisfied* with the Episcopalian Church as it is, but wish to see a *change*; and how can they be "*well-affected*" to it? how can they declare they are attached to it, in *any* sense, if they wish it modified? To the charge of wishing to see *some* change, most Dissenters will, we apprehend, plead guilty. And probably *one* reason, though it is only a secondary one, why they so cordially support the Bible Society, is, because they believe it is calculated, under God, to diminish the differences and distance between good men of all persuasions; to *change*, much for the better, both Dissenters and Churchmen; to augment greatly the number of pious active ministers both in and out of the Church; and ultimately to produce



such comprehension in the terms of conformity, as shall greatly diminish, if not entirely remove, the necessity of dissent, except among men of heterodox sentiments. But, if the desire of change be an indication of enmity to the Church, how would many clergymen, how would Dr. Marsh himself, stand acquitted? Clergymen of evangelical sentiments naturally wish to see the original discipline of their Church so restored, that careless irreligious ministers, should no more find entrance. And, if Dr. Marsh would seriously examine his own heart upon this point, we question whether he would not detect himself wishing for such an alteration as would keep out the "Methodists" and "Calvinists." There are moments when we can hardly help suspecting, that he would be full as glad to witness such a change as would expel Dr. Milner from the deanery of Carlisle, as the poor Quaker of Abingdon would be to "tie the Margaret Professor to the stake."

We had intended to notice Dr. Marsh's illiberal representation of "the Dissenting Interest;" and his extreme inconsistency, (if the note at p. 136 conveys his *real* sentiments) in boasting of his friendly intercourse with many Dissenters: but, on looking back to what we have written, we feel compelled to forbear. The same reason obliges us to pass over the mathematical parade in section 1st of the Professor's appendix, as well as the learned quibbling relative to the "*vera causa*" in section the 2d. They who are in the habit of reading the mathematical articles in this Review, will rely upon our word, when we say that notwithstanding the affected contempt with which Dr. Marsh speaks of Dr. Milner's ignorance of mathematical science, his own statement of the celebrated "*theorem*," and his own illustration of the principle on which it is founded, *completely confirm* Dr. Milner's humorous illustration of it quoted at page 99 of our Review for July. They who doubt our judgment, and at the same time have any curiosity to see how the formulæ of algebraists may be set off by terms selected from the vocabulary of the Lady Margaret piscatory females, will do well to turn to pp. 1—20 of the Professor's appendix.

Before we close this article we would gladly assist the reader in appreciating the value of our author's publications on the subject of the Bible Society. We shall borrow the test, not from any methodistic or calvinistic divine, but from a lay mathematician, the late Dr. Waring, Dr. Milner's predecessor in the Lucasian professorship. The language has the peculiarity of that great man; but the sentiments are admirable.

'The excellency of writings depends on the excellency of the language and sentiments; but principally on the latter; for any words repeated without sentiments, that is, without their

‘ meaning being understood, are empty and nugatory sounds;  
 ‘ but the same sentiments conveyed in any language whatever,  
 ‘ or if possible in no language at all, will (if clearly understood)  
 ‘ contain the same strength, wisdom, goodness, sublimity, beauty,  
 ‘ pathos and every other excellence; and also the same similitudes,  
 ‘ images and substitutions.

‘ The best, the compositions of most value, *as far exceeding*  
 ‘ *all other as infinite does finite*; are those, which by example,  
 ‘ precept or story teach the means of acquiring eternal happiness,  
 ‘ &c., which excite the greater fervency of exalted piety and  
 ‘ superior humanity, and more restrain our vicious passions and  
 ‘ inclinations; such as create the most sensible, the most lasting  
 ‘ impressions on the mind, of piety, benevolence, humanity and  
 ‘ every good thing; impressions which produce actions and re-  
 ‘ gulate our lives; and not like fleeting shadows passing over  
 ‘ fields of corn which leave not a trace behind; such compositions  
 ‘ it is the duty of every one to read *often* at stated and other  
 ‘ proper times, with the greatest attention possible; and in all  
 ‘ his actions to be directed by them, and from thence acquire  
 ‘ habits accordingly.

‘ Those claim the *second* place, which teach mankind some-  
 ‘ thing useful to their support and well being in this state.

‘ *Thirdly*, those which strengthen and improve the understanding  
 ‘ either by example or precept; these may sometimes be in-  
 ‘ cluded in the preceding, but should never be pursued to their neg-  
 ‘ lect.

‘ And *lastly*, what will *innocently* amuse the mind, and keep  
 ‘ it free from idleness and every thing hurtful.”\*

Now, we could almost fancy, that scarcely the most devoted admirers of Dr. Marsh would claim for his publications respecting the Bible Society, even the last and lowest degree of excellence spoken of by Dr. Waring in the above quotation. That these works *amuse*, we can unhesitatingly declare; but that they “*innocently amuse*” and keep the mind from “every thing hurtful,” who will affirm? The whole tendency of them is to call into exercise both among the author’s followers and his opponents, passions which it has ever been the great object of philosophers and divines to extinguish. For our own parts, though we have read the Professor’s late productions with all possible good temper, we are not quite sure whether we have not now and then had to contend with rising emotions which it behoved us to repress. As to generous, benevolent, and noble sentiments, we should as soon expect to see honey exude from a crab-tree after a three month’s frost, as to find them emanating from the breast which had been long brooding over the pages of Dr. Marsh, and those who espouse th same side of this great question. Do his “Inquiries,” and “Letters,” and “Replies,” ‘teach mankind

\* Waring’s Principles of Human Knowledge. p. 162.



any thing useful to their support and well being in the state?" No. Do they 'excite a fervency of exalted piety and superior humanity?' No. Do they tend to destroy bigotry, to paralyze party feeling, to heal the breaches which long have afflicted the Church of Christ, to hasten that period so ardently prayed for by holy men in all ages, when "Ephraim shall no longer vex Judah, nor Judah Ephraim;" when love of God and love to man shall universally prevail, and "they shall no more hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain?" Alas! No. They exhibit no marks but of a frigid, narrow, calculating, and as we seriously think, dangerous policy; and they are written in an intricate and perplexed style, constituted, for the most part, of just such short and feeble sentences as are best calculated to prevent all flow of soul, and destroy all probability of contagion of sentiment. There is one, and we conjecture, only one class of men, who will be able to read these productions with tolerable patience, we mean the *soi-disant* rational preachers still remaining in the Church; they who will preach of virtue and vice, of heaven and hell, with all the coolness and phlegm of a philosopher; who will "prove by undeniable arithmetic, that eternity is longer than time, and evince, by the most evident demonstrations, that right is preferable to wrong, and happiness to misery."

We must now take our leave of this most renowned of modern "spiritual Quixotes." The recent exploits of his Sancho Panza, one Mr. Norris, will probably be held up to the admiration of our readers in our number for January.

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\*\*\* Since the preceding article was written, and indeed printed, we have seen the pamphlet which Dr. Marsh has published as a rejoinder to Mr. Simeon. The learned Professor has managed, by his long string of consequences, to draw the latter parts of the discussion so far from all bearing upon the Bible Society, that we shall probably notice none of his future productions on the subject; nor, most assuredly, should we say a syllable respecting this pamphlet, were it not that it tends still farther to elucidate the *amiable* and *gentle* dispositions with which the few remaining opponents of that Society vilify its friends. Mr. Simeon, after a solemn declaration that he 'would not knowingly and intentionally misrepresent' Dr. Marsh, quotes a passage from his reply to Dean Milner, from which he inferred, as many other persons did, that the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, confounded baptism, justification, and sanctification. Whether his inference from the Professor's language, was correct or not, may perhaps admit of

a question; but there can be no doubt that he had not the slightest intention to misrepresent him, or to deceive the public, as to the opinions really held by Dr. Marsh; because in that case the quotations he made would of course defeat his own object. Dr. Marsh, however, upon this slender ground, accuses Mr. Simeon in the grossest manner, of wilful falsehood, and reads him a severe lecture upon the "sin of lying," which he tells him can only 'exist in a mind which is fallen into the sink of depravity.' But how stands the matter in point of "FACT" with this learned Professor of Divinity? Why, thus. He did not mean to connect *sanctification* but *regeneration* with *baptism*. Let us not misrepresent him: nor let the reader doubt our veracity, when we assure him that the following passage was not penned by a celebrated "Barrister" who a few years ago wrote himself into a snug place by opposing evangelical religion, but by Dr. Marsh himself.

'When regeneration is once detached from baptism, with which our church closely connects it, a door is immediately opened for all the dreamings of fanatics, about the PANGS, both ordinary and extraordinary, of the new Birth!!!' Letter to Simeon. p. 25.

How deplorably must controversy affect the heart of a man who can thus transgress the bounds of decorum. How shockingly must it lower the moral sense, when it can lead a Professor of Divinity to accuse the most active, and vigilant, and useful clergyman resident in the same University (Dr. Marsh himself dare not deny this) of *wilful lying*, for merely drawing an erroneous inference from his own dubious phraseology! And when, farther, it has led him to set a higher value upon the *veracity* of poor Porson, (whose disregard of truth was almost as notorious as his intemperance,) than upon that of the Dean of Carlisle!

The Professor devotes a postscript of four pages, to the determination of the genuineness and authenticity of the letter from *the Abingdon Quaker*. It shows wonderfully how ridiculous a man's bloated ideas of his own self-importance may render him, and is certainly the most *amusing* portion of this new pamphlet. It could only have been rendered *more* amusing, by the Professor's applying his celebrated "THEOREM" to this interesting inquiry; to which it would have been full as applicable, as to that for which he invented it. But, says the Professor, respecting that letter, 'whoever wrote it, he was a *real* bigot; and bigots are too impetuous to enter into distant calculations.' Alas! is it possible our author can be so blind to his own character as this expression indicates! Bigots do not enter into distant calculations! What, then, is bigotry? How comes it that Dr. Marsh has been



pointed to, throughout the kingdom, as the greatest bigot amongst men of learning in the Protestant world? It is not, certainly, because he has neglected 'distant calculations' upon remote probabilities; for no man of talent has wasted so much time and labour upon such useless computations and speculations, as he has in reference to the Bible Society; and no man of sense, we are persuaded, ever more bitterly repented, than he has done, that what he fancied to be public spirit, but which, in truth, is rank bigotry, should have so lamentably seduced him from the path to honour and tranquillity.

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Art. V. *Tour through Ireland; particularly the Interior and least known Parts*: Containing an accurate View of the Parties, Politics, and Improvements, in the different Provinces; with Reflections and Observations on the Union of Britain and Ireland; the Practicability and Advantages of a Telegraphic Communication between the two Countries, and other Matters of Importance. By the Rev. James Hall, A.M. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 670. Price 1l. 1s. Moore, Dublin; Hookham, Carpenter, Booker, &c. London. 1813.

THE local specification in this title—'the interior and least known parts'—seems to give promise of an interesting book; at least it indicates the choice of such a subject, that if the book be not interesting, the fault must be in the author. And after receiving this pledge of novelty, how will the inquisitive reader, a little accustomed to towns, expect to find the first three sheets employed? He will expect to find them employed in relating the voyage to Dublin, and enumerating the public buildings of that city; with an intermixture of anecdotes about hotels, and hair-dressers' shops. Nor will this pleasing anticipation be disappointed.

It is recorded that, though the author seemed to enjoy the smiles of fortune during the passage over a treacherous element, adversity awaited him amidst the gaiety and the apparent safety of Dame-street; and it was adversity in a form so new, that no mortal foresight could have apprehended it, or prudence escaped it.

'Near the coffee-room, observing a showy hair-dresser's shop, and a number of clean well-dressed workmen employed in it, I stepped in, saying, I wished to have my hair cut. Having got on a gown, one of them began to crop me immediately. After he had cut one side, which he frequently combed, he fell a combing my right eye-brow, and, with one snap of his scissors, in the twinkling of an eye, lopped all the hair off it. On perceiving this, I started from the seat, saying, "Sir, I employed you to cut the hair on my head, but not my eye-brows. You do not seem to know what mischief you have

done. That eye-brow, (putting my hand to it) has stood the test of near fifty winters, and, in the twinkling of an eye, you have destroyed it." Being really vexed, and not knowing that it is the fashion here, for young dashing people, to have their eye-brows trimmed, I added, "as eye-brows are arched, and intended to prevent sweat from running from the forehead into the eyes, I will raise an action of damages against you, and have you punished." Holding the hairs of my eye-brow in his hand, he replied, shewing them to me, "These are not of much value."—"So *you* may think, but I do not." After my anger had subsided, and his terror abated, I allowed him to proceed with his operations on the head, and to make the one eye-brow like the other. When he had done, he wished to take nothing; but, according to the rules of the shop, which I saw hung up, I paid him eighteen-pence, and departed, still angry at the loss of my eye-brows.' p. 10.

This is one novelty at least in the present tour; and the transaction is so extraordinary and momentous that we wish the author had produced the testimony of witnesses, a confession signed by the criminal, or some other formal authentication of the statement, in order to fix it securely in the chronicles which will have to record also the present transactions in Germany and the Pyrenees.—Seriously, is it not amazing to see what incidents and what dialogues there are cultivated men capable of thinking worthy of public record, at a period in which the most magnificent and awful events are coming so fast as to be reduced to a narrow space in history, and a transient hold on memory!

It is, unhappily, *not* a novelty in Irish tours to describe, under the article Dublin, those contrasts of human condition, those moral and physical extremes, though locally contiguous, which give occasion for the most melancholy reflections.

'While contemplating the splendour, flutter, and variety of this gay scene,' (a ball at the Rotunda) 'I often found my spirits damped by reflecting on the scenes of poverty and distress I had seen through the day, particularly one in a cellar.'—"Did the rich and gay visit haunts of this kind, they would meet with scenes of distress sufficient to rouse their feelings, and to induce them to join trembling with their mirth.'

We cannot help observing here how dexterously the author has employed an equivocal word—"sufficient."

There is novelty again at page 28, where, in speaking of an elegant dinner, 'that would not have disgraced a nobleman's table,' given by a respectable and affluent taylor to 'a select company,' our author states that this gentleman has fallen on an expedient for accomplishing a certain important thing; but we greatly question whether it was discreet in a man of Mr. Hall's profession to proclaim the matter; since that certain



important thing must be extremely difficult, to require the application of an expedient so costly. We will, however, give the author's words.

'His claret, which was excellent, he called *Orthodoxy*, as he said it keeps the clergy sober.'

No tourist could walk half an hour in the streets without having his attention arrested by a striking novelty of cast in the temper, the rhetoric, and the profaneness, of the rough part of the population. Our author gives a sample.

'Many of the low people in Dublin are abandoned in the extreme. I heard some women in the streets swearing by the living Jesus, by the holy Paul, by the blood of the Holy Ghost, and the like. One of them, after cursing another, and praying that the devil might hunt her soul, all of a sudden, added, "Arrah, come honey, though you were at Kilkenny and I at Dublin, by the holy cross I would speak well of you." The other replied, "Get you gone; I was a lady when your skin appeared through your clothes,"'

He dips a little into that sort of slang which at least borders on profaneness, in telling of two Methodist preachers he heard in the precincts of Dublin.—He mentions the keeper of a pot-house who was additionally successful from the attractive nature of the inscription on his sign, "Coffins made and mended."—He compassionates the horses in Dublin; and they surely will appear worthy of something much more than mere compassion (though that beneficent thing called law, cannot afford them even this), when we are told that they are to be pitied in comparison with those in England.

Mr. Hall made an excursion to the 'Hill of Hough;' he says it is 'a peninsula on the north side of the bay of Dublin,'—exactly the position where we remember to have contemplated, in former years, a beautiful prospect from a fine eminence call the Hill of *Howth*. Whether this be merely an alteration of name, or an actual substitution of a new hill on that site, this early notice of the change is a benefit conferred on the makers of maps. Who is to have the chief benefit we cannot tell of a whole square which Mr. Hall has built at his own expense, and made a compliment of to the city,—a square, he avers, not inferior in splendour to the finest in London, and named by him *Marien-square*.

We must not undertake to accompany the author on his expedition, but limit ourselves to a very few brief notices.

A large proportion of the contents of these slight and dear volumes has no peculiar relation to Ireland. One part of this superfluous matter consists of prosing generalizings and moralizings, worked in that comfortable style of common-place

of which the edification may be received without effort amidst the noise of brats and the fumes of tobacco. The flattest truisms are set forth with all possible gravity; and, low as our estimate may justly be of the measure of wisdom existing in the community, we have nevertheless paused with a feeling really approaching to astonishment that any writer of an expensive book could think it needful, at this time of day, to deliver such indoctrinations as are found, at rather short intervals, throughout this work. Our testimony on this point must be taken or rejected according to our reputed credibility; we decline to support it by citations, because a few extracted samples would not prove the abundance of the material in question, and to make numerous extracts would be no good use of time.

Another class of matters foreign to Ireland, but occupying an ample space, is the multitude of particulars smuggled from natural and civil history, with little attention to the genuineness of their quality, and thrown and heaped in the rudest disorder in this literary receiving-house. There are also large contributions from the author's general collection of stories and anecdotes, brought in without scruple or ceremony when any thing the tourist happens to see or hear sets his imagination a-going through all the farrago of its associations. On first entering the streets of Dublin, he cannot make a just remark on the ill construction of the paltry little cars which waste so much of the horse's strength, without going into a history, for ages back, of the carriages, and the stages in the improvement of the carriages, contrived for the conveyance of the grand biped. Let him hear of an eel of unusual size, and you shall have an account of whatever has presumed to live in any resemblance to the shape of an eel, be it fish, or be it serpent, from the stock of eatable striplings found stowed in a water-rat's nest, on the bank of the river Ellen in Cumberland, to the monster which stopped the march of the legions of Regulus on the bank of a river in Africa. If he chances to think of making a remark on any particular form or gesture of respectful civility, he is bound to enumerate, forthwith, all the uncouth or ludicrous modes of salutation reported by honest or lying travellers to be in use in any part of the world. And then if he comes across any droll piece of folly, or a good Irish joke, he has seen and heard so many queer and funny things in the British part of christendom, that he can in an instant accommodate the Hibernian foolery with its match, or with a whole retinue of kindred drolleries if he pleases.

He is, besides, a great inventor, and fills many pages with projects; as, for instance, of a machine for digging the ground with a surprizing facility—of a mode of founding the piers of bridges on wool-packs, in imitation of some of the ancients—of



making pot-ashes from the thistles and other weeds in churchyards and on the sides of roads—of a good vinous liquor to be made from the stalks of vine leaves—of boiling fern tops into mock asparagus—of making good tea of furze bloom—of turning nettles and rushes into a species of leather—of manufacturing a kind of hemp from bean-stalks—with many other schemes; schemes, however, which we have no right to treat with indiscriminate ridicule: many of them would fail, of course, in the experiment; but, as to several of them, the experiment would be worth making.

As critics of the more rigid, religious, and moral school, we must censure the clergyman for not duly respecting the sanctity of religion, in his jocose and careless way, sometimes, of touching on topics so nearly related to it as to require conscientious caution. He must also be told, that his references to Methodism and Methodists betray either ignorance or something worse. For instance, in one place there is a lengthened grave homily, delivered with an air of superior wisdom, on the absurdity and mischief of neglecting the practical duties of life under pretence of being occupied in devotional employments; and this lecture is so made as to convey the implication that he calls the Methodists are generally guilty of this irreligious absurdity. Now had it been worth his while to inform himself accurately about a subject which he could not be content to let alone, he would have found that the class of people he means by the term Methodists, (knowing little more about them, probably, than that they are so called) not only disclaim zealously this imputed principle of the commutation of practical duties for devotional offices, but do zealously, on a comprehensive estimate, surpass the rest of the community in secular diligence.

Without professing any great deference to Mr. Hall's authority, we can easily believe that he is correct in representing the mass of the native Irish population as actuated by a mortal animosity against a domination that has been so contemptuously careless of their welfare, and so sportive with their sufferings. We transcribe some of his observations, made at Boyle.

‘ Whatever may be said to the contrary, the great body of the people, in this as well as many other parts of the country, are again disposed to rebel. Expelled from their cabins and little farms, by the grazing and monopolizing system, to seek for shelter in towns where every thing is dear; or driven into bogs and mountains, where, by continual hard labour and economy, they can scarcely pick up a scanty subsistence, they anxiously wish for an alteration in the order of affairs; and if there be any truth in what they not only whisper, but often speak openly, thousands would join any leader who might hold out to them even a probability of success. I mention this, as I am sorry to think these poor deluded people, (as happened to them

in 1798,) may, by such commotions, bring themselves into unpleasant circumstances, if not to utter ruin.'

'To those who take a minute view of the interior and south of Ireland, the fire which has been smouldering ever since the Union seems ready to burst into a flame.'

'The great body of the people conceive themselves oppressed; and oppressed subjects, when driven to necessity, often become the most dangerous and inveterate foes. They are actuated by a spirit of revenge against their former tyrants, which cannot be supposed to influence the natives of foreign countries.' V. II. p. 46.

When, however, he talks, in the same part of the book, as if it were doubtful whether the sense of injury and the sentiment of rancour have not become too deep and fixed in the minds of the people to have left a possibility of conciliation, he talks, as indeed he often does, very thoughtlessly. The whole view of mankind, through regions and ages, is full of proofs that nothing in universal nature is so placable as an injured people is towards an offending government,—or rather, we should say, would be placable, if oppressive governments ever, of their own motion, repented and reformed, and is tolerant of those that scorn to do the one or the other. The fact is even one of the most opprobrious parts of the history of the world. It is impossible for a lover of justice and liberty to survey that history without being indignant, and without being tempted to despise human nature, at beholding the innumerable instances of the wretched and besotted servility and prostration with which nations have endured bad governments; have suffered themselves to be sometimes cajoled, sometimes insulted, and oftener still revengefully punished, when they have complained; have accepted very trifling and even illusory concessions as indemnification for great sufferings; and have relented towards fallen and expelled tyrannies, so as to permit the resumption of power without the condition of any effectual security against their renewed abuses of it, and their revenge.



Art. VI. *Don Emanuel*, a Poem in three Cantos ; with Notes. By Matthew Newport, Esq. A. B. late of Trinity College Dublin. 4to. pp. 156. Sherwood. 1813.

Art. VII. *The Death of Prince Bagration*, or the French defeated in Russia and Poland, in 1812 and 1813, a Poem. By the Rev. R. Patrick, A. M. Chaplain to the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, and Vicar of Schiel Cotes ; author of a Charity Sermon on the Vices and Charities of a Sea Port ; and of a Numeral Chart in two hundred languages. 4to. pp. 20. Longman and Co. 1813.

Art. VIII. *Joseph*, a religious Poem, Historical, Patriarchal, and Typical ; with Notes, in two volumes. By the Rev. Charles Lucas, A. M. Curate of Avebury, Wilts. 8vo. pp. 650. Macdowall.

Art. IX. *The Triumph of Messiah* ; By Sarah Leigh Pyke, author of *Israel*, a Poem. 12mo. pp. 216. price 6s. Exeter. 1813.

Art. X. *Characteristics of Men, Manners, and Sentiments* ; or, *The Voyage of Life*, the second Edition, revised, and other Poems. By the Rev. David Lloyd, Vicar of Llanbister, fcap. 8vo. pp. xii. 340. Cadell and Davies. 1813.

IT is not without some apprehension of giving offence to each of the authors of the above works, that we have ventured to associate them at the head of this article : but as this is the only method by which we can make room for a notice of their productions, we are persuaded that they will excuse the indignity, and prefer being thus noticed, to the more mortifying alternative of silent neglect. Even ladies and poets, when they cannot have their own carriage, must submit to the horrid convenience of a stage coach, with its worst circumstance—the company. We by no means intend, however, to intimate that the above works are of the same degree or description of merit : our extracts will enable our readers to discriminate between them, according to their taste :—but we conceive there are some points of common resemblance on which we may safely rest a few concluding observations. We may be allowed to reverse the order in which we have given their titles, in proceeding to the task of selection.

The Rev. David Lloyd appears to be an intelligent and estimable clergyman. We are sorry that our only acquaintance with him, is in the character of a poet, and that our stern duty leads us rather to pronounce on the merits, than the sentiments and intention, of his volume. He thus meekly deprecates criticism in an address to Reviewers.

‘ Ye veteran sages who delight to roam  
Thro’ fields of lit’rature, wielding many a tome  
Of crude materials to oblivious night,  
Redoubtable in prowess, glorying in your might ;

Spare one inglorious bard, who owns your skill,  
 Yet holds with firm integrity the quill ;  
 No advocate for war, a friend to peace,  
 His sole aspiring is—to happiness,' &c.

The following may be fairly given as a specimen of the principal poem.

' As day succeeds to day, and wave to wave,  
 So life's succeeding scenes are still the same ;  
 To-morrow meets the ghost of yesterday,  
 And nature runs in one perpetual round,  
 Till Fate's mysterious hand winds up the scene!  
 The drama is perchance renew'd next year,  
 But we have left the stage: Life's fleeting joys  
 At length delude no more. How happy they  
 Who seek more lasting bliss, for Life's chief goods  
 Are transient as a dream, and oft illude  
 The fond adventurer, who idly grasps  
 The shadow for the substance, undeceived  
 Till death th' illusive charm removes  
 And shews what 'tis to die!' p. 256.

We forbear to give any extracts from the 'Pastorals,' 'Odes,' and 'Sacred Eclogues,' which form the specimens of "Cambrian-border Minstrelsy." We cannot help wishing that Mr. Lloyd's Muse had never crossed the border. He will, we think, if he consult either his fame or usefulness, confine himself for the future in English to prose, and write his Pastorals in Welch. His theological sentiments are orthodox, and we have little doubt that he is a good preacher.

From Mrs. Pike's "Triumph of the Messiah," we select the following lines. They are the opening of Dialogue 2. The Dramatis Personæ are Angels, Nathaniel, Philip, Messiah.

*Michael.*

' In distant grove, I ken a son of love,  
 'Neath yonder fig-tree, see him prostrate bow  
 In humble adoration to our God ;  
 Nathaniel is his name ; come, list we here,  
 Unconscious mortals knew no witness near.

*Nathaniel.*

' God of my father Abraham ! low I bow  
 Before thy holy throne, to seek thy face ;  
 Respect the sacrifice thy law demands  
 For each transgression of its precepts pure.' &c. p. 17.

We now come to Joseph ; "a religious poem, patriarchal, historical, and typical." The author will excuse us if, for the sake of room, we waive the unnecessary formality of cutting the sense into lines of similar lengths. If our more curious readers wish



to ascertain the initial and final words of each line, they may easily count the syllables. Can there be a better rule or test of poetry?

'Then Ramosin, uncouth of speech. "Well, well, I trust it will be so. Now to the repose, which sure thou need'st. I'll leave thee. Take thy rest; Thou shalt not be disturbed; Soon will thy feet, their usual health regain." He moved to go; But Jacob's son—"I pray thee, stay a moment? and ere I rest—for it will aid my resting—Say, who's the royal lady Asenath? Was it that matchless form, who foremost stood within the awning of the central car, and waved her gracious hand, more fair, I ween, than polished silver on the sacred shrine! and if an humble slave may dare to speak of one so truly great, e'en from my view, imperfect, distant, she's as young and fair as I have found her merciful and good." p. 72, 73.

Mr. Lucas complains in his preface that 'critics not only condemn an author for what he has and has not done, but for what he does not profess or wish to do.' We are anxious to avoid such a charge. We have a sincere respect for Mr. Lucas, as evidently an amiable man. His plea avails with us good-natured critics to its full extent, that 'so far from the benefit of seclusive meditation, the incipient prattle of three or four little ones has mingled with his cogitations during the time.' The address to matrimony, in the opening of the 11th book, gave us great pleasure, because it seemed the language of honest feeling. We will even go so far in proof of our sincerity as to afford room for another extract.

'Unhappy wretches they! who try to feign a disbelief of genuine virtuous love uninfluenced by worldly casualties, of holy marriage springing from the heart, of the sweet sympathy of genial souls, as it were bone of bone, and flesh of flesh! Nor is it wonderful they would not know what, from their baseness, they've at length become incapable of self-experiencing: who drag along a solitary life, unloved, uncared for by a single being, and unregarded, but for worldly hopes of their decease; yet these must conscious be, their social life hath added to the stock of human ills: or else hath pass'd in vain. In truth, I pity you, victims of fears; like children at a tale of airy nothings.' p. 217.

\* We quite sympathize with Mr. Lucas in his apostrophe to Christian Missionaries.

'Keep on your pilgrimage; each Christian cheers, tho' he can't mete, your labours; and if I know aught of comfort the mind's peace affords, ye need not wish t' exchange your life of love, for prince or hierarch's state in Christendom. Swartz, Gerické, Vanderkemp, Kicherer, Frank, Ziegenhausen, Frelinghausen, Schultz. O ye have proved what Berkeley wished to be!'

'Names,' adds Mr. Lucas in a note, 'not formed for metre, but something better!' Undoubtedly. But to return:

Mr. Lucas's professed design is to compose 'a family work adapted to every one's reading, edification, and amusement, and to elucidate the history of that wordly and spiritually great man, Joseph, in a proper, pleasing, and useful manner; in which attempt, if I have succeeded, the Christian reader will not lament that I have neglected the flowery beauties of Parnassus for the nutritious herbage of Zion!' 'To harmonize the subject hath been my unambitious attempt, and a poetic measure my necessary trammels.'—Why 'necessary' Mr. Lucas? We appeal to our readers whether they were necessary? Why not *after the manner* of the renowned Mr. M'Gowan, give us the plain tale in sober prose? The work might then have been comprised in one volume instead of two—an obvious improvement! and Mr. Lucas's laudable design would have been as well answered.

But it is time we paid our respects to the Rev. R. Patrick, Chaplain to the Dowager Marchioness of Townsend, and Vicar of Schiel Cotes.—'O lyre divine! What daring spirit wakes thee now!'

'Smiles on Bagration's dying features play'd;  
'He shook\* his diamond-hilted† blade,  
'And fiercely beam'd his feverish eye;  
'"Fight, brother-princes; warriors, fight; he said;  
'On, Platoff on; charge, Kutusoff charge.  
'Victory, victory!  
''Tis done, the fight is won;  
'They fly, they fly! sweet is the victory.  
'Pursue, my warriors, friends, companions all;  
'But let a chosen band around me stand,  
'Nor let the haughty foe behold the prince Bagration fall!  
'What though I'm called away  
'To realms of endless day,  
'Happy the thought, that heaven, our native land will save;  
'And Russia never be a slave.  
'Visions of future fame, ye bless my aching sight,  
'Ye bring to Russia's favor'd land ecstatic proud delight.  
'I see, I see  
'The invading Frenchman flee  
'From braver Muscovy!  
'Pursue, Cossacs; Tongusians, on;

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\* The Marmion.

† See an interesting account of his patriotism, and of his *astounding opulence* in my friend Sir R. K. Porter's Travelling Sketches in Russia, whose chapter on Moscow is become history! It is now no more! It is 'gone with the years before the flood; with the towers of Babel or Babylon, Palmyra, or Persepolis!'



- ‘ Charge, Calmucs, charge ;
- ‘ Spread your conquests broad and large :
- ‘ E’en to the Oder, Weser, Elbe, and Rhine ;
- ‘ Far, far beyond the barrier—Weichsel line !—’

Nothing can be further, our readers must acknowledge, from tame mediocrity than this. Here is all the lyric fury, certainly ! The Death of Marmion, to which the note refers us, is nothing to it.—But we have yet another bard, and an imitator too of our friend Walter, to complete our climax. Produce we a sample from ‘ Don Emanuel.’

- ‘ The particles of orient light
- ‘ Now sped their horizontal flight,
- ‘ And now the purple God of day
- ‘ Arose from Neptune’s eastern sea,
- ‘ And gaining now the topmost hill,
- ‘ He view’d his forehead in the rill ;
- ‘ Where, through nights’ sable shadowy reign,
- ‘ Philomel sadly pour’d her strain,
- ‘ Where *silver* Naiads told their tale
- ‘ To Fauns who kept the woody dale,
- ‘ And chaunted forth, with liquid tongue,
- ‘ The numbers of harmonious song,
- ‘ By Nature set to Nature’s tune,
- ‘ Whilst echo told it to the moon.’ pp. 45, 46.

We have styled this gentleman an imitator of Scott, but feel rather uncertain whether, in the following lines, the author of Marmion, or the author of Hudibras, were his model.

- ‘ Lorenzo, with his heroes, go
- ‘ In swift pursuit of flying foe,
- ‘ And now the fleur de lys of Gaul
- ‘ Fly from the towers of Portugal :
- ‘ In rapid race the vanquish’d wind
- ‘ The vale, the conquerors behind
- ‘ Press on the routed squadrons, sore
- ‘ With death in rear and shame before ;
- ‘ Nor yet has slaughter learn’d to scan
- ‘ Her wide extent, for hindmost man
- ‘ Wearied of faint resistance made,
- ‘ Resigns his life to foeman’s blade.’ p. 93—4.

But here we must, in pity to our readers, conclude our extracts. We feel the danger of becoming dull by infection, in inspecting the productions of dullness. We are aware that we might easily have been more *amusing*, but the old fable of the frogs was brought so forcibly to our remembrance, that we found it difficult to discharge the duty we owe to the Public, at the expense of the frogs.

In a former number we endeavoured to give our readers a clear idea of what, in our estimation, constitutes the essence

of poetry. The design of this article is to enable them to see what poetry is *not*. We cannot but consider such productions as phenomena, too common, indeed, to excite surprise, but sufficiently interesting to give rise to a variety of reflexions in a thinking mind. By what strange illusion, it is natural to inquire, could such productions, making every allowance for the operations of self love, seem to be even to their authors, poetry? What pleasure at all analogous to the emotions of taste could attend the composition? If the imagination be indeed excited, the most common and unassuming forms of expression may seem to possess beauty and energy; and we believe that feelings the more vivid from their indistinctness may be awakened in minds possessing real sensibility, but imperfectly cultivated, by words conveying little or no meaning. Spread but "the mist of obscure feeling" over the composition, and it becomes significant of all the ideas, which could be derived by the individual from the productions of real genius. Thus in our half waking dreams the buzz of an insect may be mistaken for distant music, and awaken emotions similar, perhaps equal to those, which would be derived from the reality. This to a certain extent will account for the delight which persons of some imagination but no genius (understanding by genius the power of forming new combinations of thought) receive from composition. No doubt, also, there is some degree of pleasure attending every mental exertion, however low the description or degree of that exercise; and in this respect the mechanical ingenuity which is excited in arranging words in lines of a certain length, which the author calls blank verse, may supply a harmless amusement for a leisure hour. It is an ingenious sort of puzzle for children, or for those who are content with the amusements of children. There is, however, another principle, and perhaps it is the most satisfactory one on which we can account for the 'cacoëthes scribendi'—and this is, the love of imitation. "Man," it is said, though it cannot be called a distinguishing or a sublime characteristic, "is an imitative animal." This has never been so curiously and amply illustrated as by the account which Dr. Clarke has given us of the Russians. Among them the art, the instinct of imitation (for it seems to possess the limited and stationary perfection of instinct) exists in a most singular degree. Yet it cannot be said that their rude and grotesque paintings do not appeal to the imagination, for they are evidently contemplated with strong emotions—but emotions widely different from any which are connected with the pleasures of taste. It is as the arbitrary symbols of vague ideas that they have the power of affecting the mind; while to the artist himself, being mere copies, they can only supply the satisfaction of mechanical skill. One would



think it must be in the same way that productions such as we have now been reviewing, can alone be accounted for. They are the undirected efforts of imitative industry, employing itself on the simple accumulations of memory, and working by some arbitrary laws of association, some supposed rules which stand in stead of accurate ideas of the nature and objects of poetry. As to any process of inventive thought, set in motion by the deeper feelings of the mind, and having for its object to develop and convey those feelings to others,—as to any idea of the use or power of language in exciting emotions superior to those which either harmony or the sister art of painting could supply, or rather seeming to include the power of both,—it is evident that there exists in such minds no conception of the kind. There is a whole range of ideas on which their thoughts have never been employed. Whether this proceed from any natural defect of imagination, or only (as we suspect to be the more frequent case) from an imperfect or limited cultivation of the faculty of attention, they are even insensible of any deficiency of knowledge or of sense on this point, and would doubtless resent, as an impeachment of their understanding, such an insinuation. Yet are such cases frequent among men of no ordinary abilities. Taught to despise, perhaps, from the prejudices of education, the useless labours of the poet, or so engrossed with studies of an opposite character as to have no leisure for attention to lighter subjects, they are perfectly unaware of any inability to appreciate, much less of any obstacle to their comprehending, the works of genius. Nay, they perhaps, in some wayward mood, attempt to imitate them, and please themselves in the idea of complete success, when they have by dint of labour hewn out some shapeless, lifeless resemblance of the object of their blind imitation. “Talk to a blind man”—observes Mr. Southey in his *Omniana*—“he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses, which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. Of course there is no *reasoning* with them; for they do not possess the facts, on which the reasoning must be grounded.”

The greater part, however, of the mass of bad poetry is produced by persons, who have not the excuse to which we have alluded, of abstract habits, or inattention to the objects of taste. Nay: they are often found to pique themselves on an unusual share of poetical feeling and knowledge. A sort of fatuity on this subject possesses their minds. Without one qualification of nature or attainment, in perfect misapprehension of the purpose of poetry and in utter ignorance of its rules, they decree that they will write—and they do write. We have the specimens before us. But wherein, it will be asked, con-

sists the harm, what mischief or moral evil is there in bad poetry? The productions of dullness will please and satisfy the dull: so that these works will find their appropriate class of readers. Those who read Milton and think *Paradise Lost* pretty, who think Southey *pretty*, and Walter Scott *very pretty*, will have their minds equally excited, their feelings as much raised, by 'Don Emanuel.'

Let it be distinctly understood that we consider the possession, or the deficiency, of genius or taste to be entirely unconnected with moral character. A man may be not a whit the less estimable for being a bad rhymers. He may be the happier for not being a genius. Genius is a power, not a moral quality; and as power, it can be no further excellent, it cannot otherwise claim esteem, than as it is employed for the benefit of mankind.—Still we cannot but consider that there is a view of the subject in which genius and taste acquire importance, and in which the want of both, and an ignorance of that want, is to be seriously deprecated.

All ignorance is, in proportion to the importance of the truths which it respects, pernicious. Ignorance of ourselves is likely to be attended with peculiar disadvantages. The knowledge of our powers is intimately connected with that of our duties. There is no species of deception, which through error or conceit we practise upon ourselves, that can be considered harmless. It may seem a trifling thing that a person should be guilty of bad verses, and surely it is no crime. But many things are evils which are not crimes. We would not make a man "an offender for a word." But if it should appear that, from entertaining the notion of being endued with genius, and having acquired the habit of rhyming, a person falls into indolent and desultory habits which dwarf his faculties—that his mind is called off from the sober employments and homely consolations of *work-day* life, without being capable of receiving indemnification, in moral feeling or delight, from that ideal vision which is only disclosed to fancy's gifted few;—if, as will be generally found, the want of real taste is supplied by a false taste which extends to moral subjects, vitiates the sensibility, and induces a sickly heartless affectation;—if, again, the consequence of writing bad verses be, the being content with bad verses, and thus at once precluding the hope and motive and means of intellectual advancement in that particular respect, which will have its influence in other respects;—*then*, our readers will acknowledge that it is not altogether a harmless thing to be the author of a bad poem. Good sense, it can never be too often repeated, is infinitely more precious, more useful, and more scarce than a sort of *genius*: but the want of genius is no proof of good sense—the want of good taste is



some proof of the want of sense, at any rate of the want of cultivation. Genius is a *good*. Can the gift of God be otherwise than a good? Whatever little-minded scorn the word may sometimes excite in those who are incapable of its pleasures, it is a high prerogative to possess a spark of the sacred flame. Genius is the sublimest attribute of *mind*: and it is "mind, mind alone," which exalts man above the clod, and above his fellow; which

——the living fountains in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime;

and which, when its powers are harmonized, and directed to their true and sufficient objects, in accordance with the design of our being, renders us capable of entering into communion with God. We speak not of genius as consisting in any particular form, much less as confined to any particular mode of operation. 'A genius,' as it is called, need not be a poet, but a poet must possess genius. In regard however to poetry and the pleasures of taste in general, we may with pardonable accommodation, at once advocate and illustrate their moral efficacy by the eloquence of the great Hooker on a more contested subject. 'They are' he remarks, 'in truth most admirable, and do much edify, if not the understanding, because they teach not, yet surely the affections, because therein they work much. They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom melody (and poetry is but the melody of thought) doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind well affected delighteth.'—There are 'grosser and heavier minds, whom base words do not easily move, into which the sweetness of melody might make some entrance for good things. For, saith St. Basil, whereas the Holy Spirit saw that mankind is unto virtue hardly drawn, and that righteousness is the least accounted of, by reason of the proneness of our affections to that which delighteth; it pleased the wisdom of the same Spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure which causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear, to convey, as it were by stealth, the treasure of good things into man's mind.—O the wise conceit of that Heavenly Teacher who hath by his skill found out a way, that doing those things wherein we delight, we may also learn that whereby we profit.'\*

But there is one point more on which we beg the indulgence of our readers while we say a few words. It has been said that there must be bad poetry for those who cannot appreciate what is good; or that at any rate to them bad poetry will be the same, and answer the same end as good. But this is a mistake. That which requires no effort of thought to comprehend, which has

\* Eccl. Polity, B. v. Sec. 31.

no tendency to affect the feelings or exercise the faculties, must be pernicious. 'It cannot but be injurious to the human mind,' observes "*the Friend*," 'never to be called into effort: the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel reading.' (p. 167) Were we to allow that the pleasure derived by a great portion of the reading class from inferior productions, is equal in degree to what they would be capable of receiving from the works of genius, this pleasure must be vastly different in *kind*. The subject continues to extend itself before us, but we must content ourselves with observing here, that we consider it one of the worst effects of the multiplication of books, and the facilities of writing and publishing them, that those works, which can alone form the taste and raise the mental tone, are excluded from general attention, or counteracted in their influence, or lost amid the crowd of tasteless, weak, and unaffecting novelties.

Let us not be understood as bearing hard upon the unripe promise of timid genius, or the honest efforts of unassuming merit. It is rather that these may have room to expand, and light to quicken them, that we would sweep away the weeds of dullness. It is in justice to them that we would obviate the indiscriminating contempt and reproach which such productions entail on the name and works of genius. But does not every would-be writer think himself a genius? If it be so, what help is there? We can only entreat such, as our parting advice, to remember that, all excellence is the fruit of labour and study; genius can but supply the tools: that any thing short of excellence is worthless: and that that alone is truly excellent, as respects the productions of the poet and works of taste, which at once delights and profits the mind—which has a moral purpose, and is fitted to its purpose—which 'edifies, 'if not the understanding because it teaches not, yet surely the affections,' which are the best part of man—and tends to leave the heart *better for its pleasures*: in a word, such as we shall not repent to have employed our time upon, as altogether vain and useless, at that day when each, according to the talents committed to him, shall account to the Lord and Proprietor of all.



Art. XI. *Memoirs of George Frederick Cooke, Esq.* By William Dunlap, Esq. Composed principally from the personal Knowledge of the author, and from the MSS. Journals left by Mr. Cooke. In two volumes. 8vo. Price 11. 1s. Colburn. 1813.

WE notice this book on account of the excellent moral it contains. That our detestation of vice, to be permanent and useful, should be founded on principle we readily allow; but that the feelings may be properly called in to fortify principle, he must be a very rigid moralist who should deny. But the difficulty is, *how* to exhibit some vices (and drunkenness is of the number,) without corrupting the mind of the beholder; how to place our pupil within a circle of magic so potent, as the spirit which we raise shall not be able to overpass. The Lacedæmonians used to make the Helots drunk, and then turn them out, as a beneficial lesson, before their children: but among the degradations to which the negroes have been exposed, we do not remember to have met with this. Neither can we recommend, as a substitute for such a spectacle, the 'close, clouded, hot, narcotic room' of a village ale-house, or the disgusting haunts of more fashionable debauchery: *nil dictu fædum, visuque*, should be perpetually in the ears of him who has the management of the young. What then? Shall we have recourse to books for warning examples of this beastly vice? It will be rather inconsistent to-be-sure, after having taught our children from Anacreon and Horace, that drinking is the end of life, and wine the inspirer of every thing that is amiable. But if we are so inclined, where are these examples to be found? In comedy, the mirror of nature? None on earth more pleasant fellows than the Oakleys or Surfaces when half seas over; and nothing more calculated to produce a tolerance of their vices than the amusement they are made to furnish. We are very glad, therefore, to lay hold of a book like the present,—and we are very glad that the biography of Cooke has fallen into the hands of a man like Mr. Dunlap. With an enthusiastic admiration of his hero's talents, and through some of the last months of his career personally attached to him, Mr. D. never attempts to palliate his vices, not even to apologize for them. They appear to have struck the mind of the author very forcibly, and very forcibly he gives them to the reader.

No matter, for our present purpose, what the profession of Cooke was; he had talents that placed him at the very head of it. Nor were his talents confined to his profession. Though his reading had been desultory, he had read a good deal, and had thought more. A most pleasant companion—

full of wit, and whim, and anecdote—benevolent and of great suavity of manners;—such was Cooke in his better moments, in his ‘own’ moments.

‘I led,’ says Mr. D. my ‘companion to my home, and never man appeared to greater advantage in the quiet of a domestic circle, than he did for the remainder of this day and evening. Attentive, polite, full of cheerfulness, and abounding with anecdotes, which he related with all the urbanity of the finished gentleman of the *vieille cour*, giving and asking for information, he seemed to forget the evils of the past, and to anticipate for the future nothing but good.’ Vol II. p. 217.

And yet this same man, ‘when poison’d hours had shut him up from his own knowledge,’ became noisy, savage, and disgusting; a bully and a braggart; a misery to himself, and a terror to those about him;—‘now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast.’ Yet no one saw more plainly than Cooke the wretchedness and degradation in which drunkenness ended, and no one could speak more feelingly of the evils of intemperance than he often does in his journals. For instance:

‘Called at the Bull’s Head, and drank some brandy and water.—Among some other persons there, was a certain clergyman, who is said to be a man of literature and abilities; certain he writes A.M. after his name. He was dirty, drunk, and foolish.—Some of the company, though they all professed a respect for him, seemed to use him as an object of their mirth. I could not help viewing him with pity;—not that sensation which approaches to contempt, but a real sorrowful feeling, as I cannot, to please myself, otherwise express it. In viewing him I thought of others. Drunkenness is the next leveller to death; with this difference, that the former is always attended with shame and reproach; while the latter, being the certain lot of mortality, produces sympathy, and may be attended with honour.’ Vol. I. pp. 59, 60.

Again:

‘The society, if I may profane the word, with whom I join at this place, is disgusting, to say no worse of it. Some individuals I could wish to select, and the time we might be together would, I believe, pass tolerably; but there are others it shocks me even to think of.’ p. 103.

Once more:

‘It will very little assist me in defending myself, to say that I have frequently wasted my time in a much worse manner. When a man reconciles himself to himself by making degrees of sin, he is in the utmost danger of advancing to, instead of receding from, the most abominable depravity. It is a doubt with me, whether a gamester (here I take the word in its utmost latitude) or drunkard be the most vicious character, or the most



dangerous to society. The former, without deranging his faculties, exerts them all for the avowed purpose of plundering every one he plays with, his dearest friends not excepted. if such a wretch can have a friend; and when, by superior villeny, or some unforeseen chance, he is in his turn beggared, he is ready fitted for the most atrocious crimes, robbery, murder, or suicide. Drunkenness, in addition to the high degree of wickedness attached to it, has the melancholy and woeful effect of degrading the human beneath the brute creation. What confidence can be placed in those persons who are in the habit of rendering themselves incapable of rational exertion.' Vol. I. pp. 95, 96.

His advice to others was in perfect consistency with these reflections.

'Master Payne very properly took every opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with the veteran tragedian, and frequently visited him, and sat with him for hours. On these occasions, whether with other company or not, the bottle was always present, but Cooke not only did not offer wine to his young companion, but told him he ought to avoid it. Master Payne, in the course of these visits, could not but witness such behaviour on the part of his sage adviser, as would operate with more force than his admonitions.

'Mr. Duffie, said he to another friend who was by, help yourself to a glass of wine; John, I don't ask you to drink. O that I had had some friend when I was at your age to caution, to prevent, me from drinking! Mr. Duffie, your good health. Yes, John, I should have been a very different man from what I am. It's too late now.' pp. 208, 209.

Poor Cooke! that after such reflections as these, he should be the hero of such scenes as we are about to quote! 'O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains: that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!'

When not yet thirty, a fellow-actor describes him as of much the same habits of living as afterwards in America; now 'behaving with the greatest propriety;' and now 'not to be heard of for several days.' Indeed, at one time, there is a blank of twenty months, during which there seems reason to believe that he served in our army in America. Be this as it may, in 1795 we find him acting at Dublin, and at Dublin the following scene took place. The story affords a fair specimen of the insanity which drunkenness with him was almost sure to produce. Cooke, one night invites home an actor with whom he has been pleased, and they sit down to drink:

'One jug of whiskey punch was quickly emptied, and while drinking the second, George Frederick in his turn begins to commend young Matthews.

“ You are young, and want some one to advise and guide you : take my word for it, there is nothing like industry and sobriety—Mrs. Burns! Another jug of whiskey punch, Mrs. Burns—you make it so good, Mrs. Burns, another jug.”

“ Yes, Mister Cooke.”

“ In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is too apt to be the bane of youth—“ Villainous company,” low company, leads them from studying their business and acquiring that knowledge which alone can make them respectable.”

‘ Thus he proceeded drinking and uttering advice (not the less valuable because in opposition to his own practice,) and assuring Matthews of his protection, instruction, and all his influence to forward his views, while the whiskey punch, jug after jug, vanished, and with it all semblance of the virtues so eloquently praised. Though maddened by the fumes of the liquor, the chain of his ideas continued still unbroken, and he began a dissertation on the histrionic art, proceeding from first principles to a detail of the mode of exhibiting the passions, with a specimen of each by way of illustration.

‘ It is impossible to describe, but the reader may perhaps imagine, the ludicrous effect of this scene. The power of the whiskey operating in diametric opposition to the will on his strong and flexible features, produced contortions and distortions, of which he was insensible, while Matthews sat gazing with astonishment, and at times in an agony, from the effort to restrain his risible faculties; but to add to his torture, Cooke began to question him, after each “ horrible face,” as to the meaning of it, or the passion expressed. Matthews, totally in the dark as to *Cooke’s meaning*, made every possible mistake: and when set right by Cooke, excused himself by charging his stupidity on the whiskey.

“ There—what’s that?”

“ Very fine, Sir.”

“ But *what* is it?”

“ O—anger—anger, to be sure.”

“ To be sure you’re a blockhead—Fear! fear, Sir!”

‘ But when the actor, after making a hideous face, compounded of satanic malignity and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr, told his pupil that *that* was love, poor Matthews could resist no longer, but roared with convulsive laughter.

‘ Cooke was surprised and enraged at his rudeness in this young guest, but Matthews had address enough to pacify him.

‘ Mistress Burns, in the mean time, had protested against making any more whiskey punch, and had brought up the last jug, upon Cooke’s solemn promise that he would ask for no more. The jug is finished; and Matthews heartily tired, thinks he shall escape from his tormentor, and makes a move to go.

“ Not yet, my dear boy, one jug more.”

“ It’s very late, Sir.”

“ Only one more.”

“ Mistress Burns will not let us have it.”



‘ “Wo’nt she? I’ll show you that presently.”

‘Cooke thunders with his foot, and vociferates repeatedly “Mistress Burns!” At length honest Mrs. Burns, who had got to bed, in hopes of rest, in the chamber immediately under them answers,

‘ “What is it you want, Mister Cooke?”

‘ “Another jug of whiskey punch, Mistress Burns.”

‘ “Indeed but you can have no more, Mister Cooke.”

‘ “Indeed but I will, Mistress Burns.”

‘ “Remember your promise Mister Cooke.”

‘ “Another jug of punch, Mistress Burns.”

‘ “Indeed, and I will not get out of my own bed any more at all, Mister Cooke, and so there’s an end of it!”

‘ “We’ll see that, Mistress Burns.”

‘When, to Matthews’s further astonishment, he seized the jug and smashed it on the floor over the head of *Mistress Burns*, exclaiming, “Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?”

‘ “Yes I do, Mister Cooke.”

‘He then proceeded to break the chairs, one by one, after each, exclaiming, “Do you hear that Mistress Burns?” and receiving in reply,

‘ “Yes I do, Mister Cooke, and you’ll be very sorry for it to-morrow, so you will.”

‘He then opened the window, and very deliberately proceeded to throw the looking-glasses into the street, and the fragments of broken tables and chairs. Matthews had made several attempts to go, and had been detained by Cooke: he now ventured something like an expostulation; on which his Mentor ordered him out of his apartment, and threw the candle and candlestick after him. Matthews; having departed, the wretched madman sallied out, and was brought home next day, beaten and deformed with bruises.

‘The disgrace attending the notoriety of this transaction, drove him on to further mad intemperance: the stage was abandoned, and in a fit of drunkenness and despair, he enlisted as a private, in a regiment destined for the West-Indies.’ Vol. I. pp. 67—70.

He got his discharge by the interference of a friend, and returned to the Manchester theatre, and to his accustomed intemperance.

‘Of the extravagant profusion which marked his mad prodigality, the reader will have several opportunities of judging; I will mention one here as a case in point.

‘Having received the amount of a benefit and the proceeds of an engagement at Manchester, he pocketed the whole, three or four hundred pounds, and that evening fell into company at a public-house with some republican manufacturers of the neighbourhood. The loyalty of our hero was always great, but increased in warmth thermometrically with his stomach and head. One of the mechanics entered the field of political disputation with George Frederick, who soon became intemperate in words

as well as conduct, and finally challenged his antagonist to determine the controversy by the fist. The man, who knew him and his reputation, endeavoured to avoid the necessity of beating him, and excused himself by "Nah now, Mr. Cooke, you know I would not harm you if I could; you take the liberty of abusing me and challenging me, because you are rich, and know I am a poor man."

"Do I?" says George, "I'll show you that. There, look," pulling all the bank notes from his pocket, "there—that's all I have in the world—there," putting them in the fire. "Now I am as poor as you are—now, come on!" Vol. I. pp. 337, 338.

Against such destructive profusion this wretched man would guard himself—not by abstaining from the poisonous liquor—but by entrusting his money to the care of some person, with a charge to refuse it to him, should he ask for it, when intoxicated. The recompense which any one might expect for compliance with so childish a request, the reader may guess from the following story:

'In Liverpool, in 1809. on his arrival, he gave his money into the keeping of a lady, at whose house he boarded, charging her not to give him any if he demanded it when under the influence of liquor. Then, having made provision to secure a little paltry pelf, the wretched man flies to the sacrifice of health and reputation, as things of no consequence. The state of insanity, so deliberately provided for, having arrived, Mr. Cooke came and demanded 50 guineas. The lady, true to her promise, refused it. The madman in a rage flies to the police, and procures a warrant and officers to enforce his demand. The money was still refused, and the doors shut against him. The next day he returns with fruitless humiliation and repentance, to thank the lady, who, by faithfully performing her promise, had saved his money, and made his shame more conspicuous.' Vol. II. pp. 253—4.

In 1800 he appeared at Covent-Garden, and the ambition of popularity, and desire of rivalling Kemble, kept him in his senses for one season. But the reader will easily believe that the effect of such motives could not be permanent. He became the favourite of the public, and was held by many superior to his rival. The consequence was, that at the beginning of the following season, on the night he was advertised for in London, and for a month after, he was wandering with a 'small undisciplined set' of country actors. At length, however, he appeared, apologized, and was again taken into favour. But the 'invisible spirit of wine' haunted him, and he had now no motive sufficiently powerful to break the spell. The morning bill would be made out, and Cooke put down in it: but in the course of the day he would be making 'potations pottle deep,' and in the evening would 'lack of what he was in the morning.'



The consequence is that he cannot appear, or appears only to stagger, and expose himself, and be hissed from the stage. Thus he loses his popularity, and the loss affects his spirits, and the lowness of spirits drives him to brandy. And this is the circle in which his life is past. In 1807, we find him journalizing in Appleby goal, for some months. In 1810, after a shocking course of the most extravagant intemperance, and forgetting his engagement with Mr. Harris, he enters into a new one with the manager of the New York theatre, and crosses the Atlantic.

The admiration with which he was received in America was nothing short of enthusiasm.

‘Such was the eagerness to get seats, that sturdy blackguards were paid from six to ten dollars for securing a box; and to make sure of the prize, the stone steps in front of the theatre were occupied all night, that the place nearest the door might be secured in readiness for its opening at ten o’clock the next day.

‘This was carried so far, that I have seen men sitting at the theatre door, eating their dinner, who had taken their post on Sunday morning, with a determination of remaining there all day on Sunday, and all Sunday night, to be ready for the opening of the door on Monday morning.’ V. II. pp. 255, 256.

But nothing could keep Cooke long from the bottle. One or two scenes more, and we have done. While at New York, he was entertained very hospitably in the house of Mr. Price, one of the managers. Late one night, Cooke was drunk and noisy, and Mr. P. begged him to go to bed; he ‘apparently complied’ but ‘when the household were all at rest,’ ‘came down from his chamber, unlock’d the street-door, and sallied out in the face of a west wind of more than Russian coldness.’ The next morning,

‘After one of the most inclement nights of one of the coldest of our winters, when our streets were choked with ice and snow, a little girl came to the manager’s office at the theatre with a note scarcely legible, running thus—

‘Dear Dunlap, send me one hundred dollars.

‘G. F. COOKE.’

‘I asked the child of whom she got the paper she had given me?’

‘Of the gentleman, Sir.’

‘Where is he?’

‘At our house.’

‘Where is that?’

‘In Reed-street, behind the Hospital.’

‘When did this gentleman come to your house?’

‘Last night, Sir, almost morning—mother is sick, Sir, and I was sitting up with her, and a negro and a watchman brought the gentleman to our house and knocked, and we knew the watchman; and

‘so mother let the gentleman come in and sit by the fire—he didn’t want to come in at first, but said when he was at the door, ‘let me lay down here and die!’ V. II. p. 200.

Mr. D. accompanied the girl home.

‘We entered a small wooden building in Reed-street. The room was dark, and appeared the more so, owing to the transition from the glare of snow in the streets. I saw nothing distinctly for the first moment, and only perceived that the place was full of people. I soon found that they were the neighbours, brought in to gaze at the strange crazy gentleman; and the sheriff’s officers distraining for the rent on the furniture of the sick widow who occupied the house

‘The bed of the sick woman filled one corner of the room, surrounded by curtains—Sheriff’s officers, a table, with pen, ink, and inventory, occupied another portion—a motley groupe, of whom Cooke was one, hid the fire-place from view, and the remainder of the apartment was filled by cartmen, watchmen, women, and children.

‘When I recognized Cooke, he had turned from the fire, and his eye was on me with an expression of shame and chagrin at being found in such a situation. His skin and eyes were red, his linen dirty, his hair wildly pointing in every direction from his “distracted globe,” and over his knee was spread an infant’s bib, or something else, with which, having lost his pocket handkerchief, he wiped incessantly his moistened visage. After a wild stare at me, he changed from the first expression of his countenance, and welcomed me. He asked me why I had come? I replied, that I had received his note, and brought him the money he had required. I sat down by him, and after a few incoherent sentences of complaint, and intreaty that I would not leave him, he burst into tears. I soothed him, and replied to his repeated intreaties of “don’t leave me,” by promises of remaining with him, but told him we must leave that place. He agreed, but added, with vehemence, “Not back to his house—No, never! never!!”—Which apparent resolution he confirmed with vehement and reiterated oaths.”

‘After giving a five dollar note to the child who guided me to him, and making some other presents to members of the family, Mr Cooke agreed to go to Bryden’s in a sleigh, which I had previously sent for. He rose from his chair, his step was not steady, and some of the crowd offered to assist him; but he put them by with his hand, in a style of courtly contempt. He accepted my arm, but before we reached the door, stopped to wipe his face, and having lost the piece of dirty linen he had before used, he made inquiry for his handkerchief—it was not to be found; and I, fearing a change in his determination, and somewhat impatient of my own situation, offered him a white handkerchief, which I had put in my pocket but a few minutes before receiving his note, and which, after seeing the filthy rag he had been using, and displaying on his knee



before the fire, I did not hesitate to present to him; but he put it aside with the most princely motion, saying, "A gentleman cannot accept a handkerchief that has been used." V. II. pp. 201—206.

At another time, the author calling upon him finds him in bed, and sick with the effects of a yesterday's debauch. There are few states more contemptible or more pitiable than that in which Cooke, 'the great Cooke,' was lying.

'I went up to see him, and found him exhausted and frightened. He felt wretchedly, and of course repented. I pitied him. He reprobated his conduct, called himself a wretch, and said he should die in the miserable manner in which death had threatened him a few hours before. I told him that it was in his power to remedy the evil, but he answered that it was too late, and burst into tears.'

On another occasion,

'It is impossible to conceive any thing more vile, pitiable, and wretched, than such a man, in such a situation. His madness was not sufficient to silence his conscience; and, at variance with himself and all mankind, he, while retiring to his thorny pillow, continued incessantly to utter invectives and execrations. The idea of being compared to Cooper, still haunted him:—"I that have played with John! that have played against him!—I'll leave them to worship their wooden god! He suits them. John is an actor! He is my superior—though they did not think so in London—I acknowledge it—and now!—No, I'll never play at New York again!—I must have one night's rest at Amboy—I know you want to persuade me to play at New York, but I won't—No!" V. II. p. 249.

Two instances of the impudence with which he could insult people when in liquor, and the cowardice with which he 'backed out,' when he met with unexpected opposition—and no more. Cooke and his friend Cooper were intruded upon at an inn by a couple of strangers, Messrs. A. and B. They flattered Cooke, ordered wine for him, and drank with him. After a time, the actor grew angry with them.

'Mr. A. paced the room—Cooper sat with his hat on upon a corner of the table—Mr. B. placed himself with his hat on at the table opposite Cooke, who, encouraged by the passive courage with which the Liverpool men had received his friend Tom's speech, assumed the hero, and Mr. B. having addressed him, he in his sharp discordant tone cries out,

'Do you know, Sir, who you are speaking to?'

'Yes,' says B. very composedly.

'Then, Sir, I would have you know that no man with his hat on talks to George Frederick Cooke!'

'With the same sturdy indifference the other replied, "Yet I talk to you with my hat on, and shall continue to do so."

'Here the hero was in a dilemma; and must either go forward

by knocking off his adversary's hat, which he knew would procure himself a beating, or back out and save his skin, which did not appear very easy, without giving up his assumed heroics very scurvily. In this distressing quandary his eye sought Cooper, and happily espied the hat on his head; he then, putting his hand above his eyes as if to assist his sight, and looking at Cooper, cries,

'Tom, have you got your hat on?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, then all's very well; it's all very well if Tom has got his hat on.' Vol. II. pp. 150, 151.

To get rid of an acquaintance contracted in an hour of drunkenness, Cooke once gave a low wretch, a conjuror and ventriloquist £50. This fellow was afterwards in America, at the same time that Cooke was, and one evening demanded to see him. Cooke gave orders that he should not be admitted, but the man was drunk, and would not be kept out.

'The figure which presented itself, was enormously broad across the shoulders, with head and limbs, but not height, in proportion.'

'This was "Monsieur Tonson come again," to the offended dignity of the tragic hero, and he demanded his business, concluding with "Who are you, Sir?" in his sharpest key.'

'Why, Mr. Cooke, don't you know me?'

'No, Sir!'

'R—, Mr. Cooke, my name's R—.'

'I don't know you, Sir!'

'B—, who by this time, knew the humours of George Frederick, says, "O, Cooke, if the gentleman is an old acquaintance, ask him to sit down."

'I know nothing of him, Sir!'

'Price, "Cooke, don't deny an old acquaintance—its Mr. R—."

'I don't know him, Sir—walk out of the room, Sir! Fellow, get out of my room!'

'Why, Mr. Cooke, don't you remember when we were so merry together, and the next day you would not know me? but you lent me fifty pounds; and I'm come to shake hands with you in a strange country, and give you the money again.'

'I know you not! begone, fellow!'

'You must remember, Mr. Cooke, lending me fifty pounds at Whitehaven.'

'Avaunt!' cried Cooke, in a voice of almost superhuman strength and sharpness, 'I never loaned you any thing.' Then sinking it to a whisper, 'I might have given you a trifle, in charity, to relieve you.'

'I despise your charity—here's the money I borrowed of you.'

'Begone, I say! Fellow, you are a thief! a public robber! A swindler! taking money under false pretences! Get out of the room—I don't know you, fellow—out of the room or I'll kick you out!'



‘ Price seeing Cooke in extreme wrath preparing to advance upon R——, and seeing in R—— a solid mass of earthly material of Herculean texture, and immoveable weight, wished to preserve the veteran from the danger of storming such a fortress, and getting between them undertook to persuade the conjuror to vanish. Cooke very readily gave up the post of danger and honour to Price, and valiantly waited the event.’ V. II. pp. 191, 192.

At length Mr. Price was provoked to strike the fellow; but he

‘ Stood unmoved and unchanged, until feeling something trickle down his face, and finding it blood, he exclaimed, “I’ll make you pay for this,” and with all the slight o’foot he possessed, the conjuror ran to raise the watch

‘ Cooke stood at a distance, looking rather wild.’ pp. 194.

‘ The conjuror immediately charged the watch to take Price, who had assaulted him; but B——, who was known to the watchmen, told them it was all nonsense, and would not do; that R—— had intruded upon a gentleman’s private apartment, and had not got as much as he deserved

‘ This aroused the ire of R—— against B——, who soon tried his hand upon the immoveable, and a scuffle and noise ensued, which reached the ears of the man of valour above stairs.

‘ Sam! What’s that?’

‘ They are fighting, Sir, on the stairs.’

‘ Sam—Sam—It’s very late—help me off with my clothes Sam—I’ll go to bed.’

‘ With the help of Sam, our hero undressed himself in less time than he had done for years; and B—— having seen the visitors fairly out of the house, returned to Cooke’s apartment, and found him stripped to his drawers.

‘ Why, Mr. Cooke—Mr. Cooke—are you sitting quietly here, while Price is fighting for you below with that conjuring scoundrel!’

‘ Where is the scoundrel!—Sam—why are you so slow—give me my boots—never mind the pantaloons—never mind the stockings—my boots—where is the scoundrel?’

‘ He is waiting for you in the gallery, and I have promised that you shall come down and fight him.’

‘ My coat, Sam!—come, Sir—let me find the blackguard.’ p. 195.

The reader need not be informed that Mr. Cooke died in consequence of his intemperance.

On the whole, Mr. Dunlap has produced a very amusing and instructive book. It is written in a lively gossiping manner, and, we think, whoever begins it will not easily lay it down till he comes to the end.

‘ To conclude. All those high and rare natural endowments,

which we have seen united in Mr. Cooke, were obscured and marred by unfortunate circumstances in the early portion of his life, and by long continued habits of indulging those debased propensities, which those unfortunate circumstances had generated. Though his talents as an actor were obscured and lowered by these causes, he still retained enough of the form impressed by the "bountiful goddess nature," to stamp him in men's minds, the legitimate successor of Garrick: but these causes had made of him, as a man, a mass of contradictions, not merely opposite, but in the extremes of opposition. With manners the most urbane, polished, and refined, and a mind delighting in the society of wit and reason, a large portion of his life was passed in the haunts of vice, or in the solitude imposed by poverty, or sickness, the consequences of voluntary madness; and that benevolence, which opened his heart and hand, to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, was converted into the extremes of anxious parsimony, or indiscriminate profusion: the latter, as more congenial to the natural impulse, prevailing over the former, to the utter exclusion of common sense or justice. Vol. II. pp. 361, 362.

Art. XIII. *Inquiries into the Changes induced on Atmospheric Air by the Germination of Seeds, the Vegetation of Plants, and the Respiration of Animals.* By Daniel Ellis.

(Concluded from page 491.)

**WHEN** we direct our attention to the various orders of animal existence, we find them distinguished from each other by a variety of structure and formation so remarkable, and by habits and modes of life so dissimilar, that we should hardly expect, while uninstructed by experience, to recognise in them all, the existence of any one peculiarity calculated to maintain a direct and perpetual connection between them and the air of our atmosphere. This, however, is universally true of all animals; from the meanest insect to man, the lord of the creation; and it may be stated as a fact to which there is no exception, that every animal, from the first moment of its existence to its close, requires a constant supply of air, the frequent renewal of which is indispensably necessary to the continuance of life.

The organization by which this important relation is established between the animal and the external atmosphere, must of necessity be such as shall be adapted to the circumstances of its existence. In man and the higher order of animals, the structure of the respiratory organs is complicated; and the actions by which they are rendered subservient to the purposes of the animal economy, being partly voluntary and partly involuntary, and dependant not only on muscular action,



but also on the elasticity of the cartilages which connect the ribs with the sternum, a provision is thus made for its continuance during sleep, when volition is suspended, and for its being performed with increased force and frequency, during the periods of unusual activity and exertion. In fishes the gills supply the place of lungs, and by their numerous sub-divisions afford a very extensive surface on which the minute ramifications of the pulmonary artery are spread in an inconceivably fine network: while insects breathe by spiracula or pores only, over which they do not appear to have any voluntary power, and which are consequently always open for the reception of air.

There is, however, a remarkable difference in the degree in which different species of animals can bear the privation of air. Some will continue to live in a confined atmosphere until every atom of its respirable portion is consumed. Others die long before the air has reached this point of deterioration, and while even a large proportion of the respirable air remains. It is impossible, perhaps, in the present state of our knowledge to assign the precise cause of this difference, but the fact itself has been observed of a great variety of animals. Thus bees, flies, snails, &c. when living in a confined atmosphere are found to consume the whole of the respirable part of the air, and the amphibia in general (which are remarkably distinguished by their tenacity of life, and have their temperature only a few degrees above that of the medium in which they are placed) possess the same power. Birds, on the other hand, are remarkably delicate, with respect to the purity of the air which they breathe, and generally die before two thirds of its respirable portion is consumed. This observation may be extended with very little variation to all the superior animals; but it is singular, that, with them, the power is in some measure under the influence of habit: hence pearl divers acquire the power of remaining longer under water without injury, than would be practicable to others without fatal consequences.

Although the atmospheric air, which is thus universally necessary to animal existence, is a compound or rather a mixture of azote and oxygene, yet all the experiments which have been made on this subject (and their number is very considerable) go to prove that the necessity of a perpetual renewal of the air employed in respiration, is connected, principally if not entirely, with a change induced on its oxygene. This portion of the compound, as it gradually disappears, is replaced by a quantity of carbonic acid, equal or nearly so in volume, and when this change has taken place to a certain

extent, the functions of life cease. Nor does the medium which the animal inhabits cause any exception to this general principle. It is equally true of fishes and various orders of beings which inhabit the seas, lakes, and rivers, as of those which live constantly in air. Water, whether salt or fresh, contributes to the support of its inhabitants, only as it contains a portion of that vital air which is necessary to every living being; and a fish confined in a vessel of water dies as certainly if the communication with the external air is cut off, as if it were placed in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. The oxygene or vital air consumed by aquatic animals is not, therefore, derived from the decomposition of the water itself, but from a portion of atmospheric air which all water contains, and which is constantly renewed, so long as a free communication with the atmosphere is permitted. And it is worthy of remark, that the air expelled from water by boiling or otherwise, contains a larger proportion of oxygene than atmospheric air; a circumstance which may be regarded as a compensation for the smallness of its volume, which (from the experiments of Humboldt and Provençal on the water of the Seine) may be estimated at about  $\frac{1}{36}$  that of the water. This air when carefully analyzed was found to contain 31 per cent. of oxygene, and from 5 to 11 of carbonic acid, the remainder being nitrogene; nor was the proportion of the oxygene found to vary, except in a very small degree, during many months, and under considerable varieties of weather.

The disappearance, then, of a part or the whole of the oxygene, and its replacement by a corresponding proportion of carbonic acid is a constant and universal change produced by respiration, under whatever circumstances it may be carried on. It is, too, the most obvious effect of this function. But, as all truth is progressive, and as in all physical inquiries the discovery of one fact naturally leads to further investigations, it becomes important to determine the precise relation which the disappearance of oxygene and the production of carbonic acid bear to each other, and also to ascertain how far the azote, which constitutes so large a proportion of the atmosphere, may be active or passive in this important process. It is, however, by no means easy to determine these points, from the imperfection of the data on which our conclusions must rest. In the experiments which have been made on the inferior animals (the phenomena being more immediately under our observation, and the sources of error more correctly appreciated) the results have



been sufficiently uniform, and the conclusion appears to be fully established, by comparing the results of a great number of experiments, that, in their respiration, the oxygene which disappears is replaced by an exactly equal volume of carbonic acid; the whole volume of the air employed, therefore, suffers no alteration either of increase or diminution; and it is strictly philosophical to infer, that the azote undergoes no change in the respiration of the lower orders of animals.

In all our inquiries into the functions of the animal economy, however, the physiology of man must be the ultimate object; and the experiments above noticed are chiefly important as a foundation for analogical reasoning. With regard to those performed on the *higher* order of animals, though they have been generally conducted with extreme caution, and by the most able experimentalists, yet it is often difficult to reconcile their conclusions with each other, or to separate in every instance fact from hypothesis.

The first discovery of the formation of carbonic acid in human respiration was made by the illustrious Dr. Black, in the year 1757. At that time the composition of atmospheric air was unknown, and it remained an insulated and unconnected fact, until the discovery of oxygene by Dr. Priestley, in the year 1774, enabled that distinguished philosopher to propose the first consistent theory of respiration. From this period our knowledge of the subject has been gradually increasing, and acquiring greater accuracy. Respiration in all animals has been found to produce a change in the chemical composition of the air, which sustains a diminution of its oxygene, and receives an addition of carbonic acid. With respect to all the inferior classes of animals it has been clearly proved that there is a very close and almost an exact correspondence between these changes; the carbonic acid being found to be so nearly equal in volume to the oxygene, which has disappeared, as to replace it, and leave the whole of the air nearly of its original bulk. In many of the experiments, indeed, a small diminution has been observed to exist, but least in those conducted with the greatest care.—It is the object of the physiologist, however, to acquire a knowledge of the phenomena which attend the process of natural respiration: and notwithstanding the importance of the facts which experiment has disclosed to view, still the circumstances have been too remote to allow us to apply the knowledge thus acquired to explain the natural function, except in a very cautious manner, and to a very limited degree. To obtain more complete knowledge, therefore, of the effects

produced by natural respiration in the more perfect animals, numerous experiments have been conducted on man, and a reference to the principal facts which have been established by this means, becomes indispensably necessary to our obtaining a tolerably complete view of the subject.

In all these experiments, the two principal circumstances which have attracted the notice of those who have conducted them, have been the changes already noticed in reference to the inferior animals, namely, a diminution of volume in the air employed in the experiment, and the substitution of a quantity of carbonic acid, for a portion of oxygene which had disappeared. The diminution of bulk in the expired air, appears to have been noticed by the earliest inquirers, and was estimated by Hales at from  $\frac{1}{13}$  to  $\frac{1}{38}$ , and by Boyle at about  $\frac{1}{38}$ , while more recently it has been estimated by Lavoisier and Goodwyn at from  $\frac{1}{31}$  to  $\frac{1}{65}$ . It is evident however that these estimates must be liable to great uncertainty, until the quantity of air employed in an ordinary inspiration and expiration shall be known. To determine this, however, is by no means easy. Indeed a mere comparison of the results obtained by perusing different modes of investigation proves, that even a near approximation to perfect accuracy is not often to be found: since the estimates formed by different experimentalists vary from 12 or 15 to 40 cubic inches. The largest of these quantities is supported by the respectable authorities of Jurin, Hales, Haller, and Sauvages, and farther by that of Dr. Menzies, whose method of determining the question appears to have been as simple and satisfactory as possible. He found the average of fifty six natural inspirations, to give 42.8 cubic inches for each; and his results were almost exactly coincident, whether they were deduced from the means which he adopted of measuring the air, or from computing the alternate dilatation and contraction of the chest when the body was immersed in a vessel filled with water. It is obvious to remark, however, that this estimate though it appears to be perfectly unexceptionable, as applied to the respiration of a middle sized man, can, after all, be only an approximation to truth, in any individual instance; since the capacity of the chest must vary in every individual, and with that, the quantity of air inspired in every natural effort of the respiratory organs. And this, again, is far from being the whole of the air contained in the lungs under ordinary circumstances. It has been ascertained by Dr. Menzies that, after a common expiration, many persons could still expel 70 cubic inches again, by a forcible effort; and it is well known that the lungs, after death, at which period the respiratory organs are in a state of expiration, contain a quan-



tity of air several times greater than what is ordinarily expelled. Perhaps the researches of Sir H. Davy afford us as accurate a view of the relative state of the lungs at different periods as any which have been yet made. He has estimated the quantity of air remaining in his lungs after a natural expiration at 118 cubic inches, and after a forced one at 41, making a difference of 77 cubic inches. The state of the lungs therefore after natural inspiration is to their state after natural expiration as 158 to 118, and the state of natural to that of forcible expiration as 118 to 41. He found, too, that after filling his lungs by a forced inspiration, he could then by a forcible expiration expel 190 cubic inches, so that the state of greatest dilatation is to that of greatest exhaustion as 231 to 41. These numbers must be understood, however, to indicate proportions only, which probably vary in some degree with every individual, since they must depend not only on the capacity of the chest, but also on the power of the muscles, and the degree of voluntary effort by which their action may be excited.

From these facts it appears that only about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the whole air contained in the lungs is renewed by each complete respiration, and as the whole will be changed in four such respirations or in about a quarter of a minute, it becomes easy to calculate the total consumption of oxygen for any given period by a single individual. But we must first stop to notice the diminution of bulk which the air is observed to sustain. We have observed already that the air which has been passed through the lungs with a view to the experimental determination of the changes which it undergoes, is generally found to have suffered a diminution of its volume. Sir H. Davy observed that when he respired atmospheric air in a natural manner, the diminution was about  $\frac{1}{33}$ ; when he made one single respiration of 100 cubic inches, the loss of bulk was  $\frac{1}{100}$ ; when, after a complete exhaustion of his lungs, he respired 141 cubic inches, once only for a quarter of a minute the loss was about  $\frac{1}{70}$ ; and when 161 cubic inches were breathed, for about a minute they were reduced  $\frac{1}{18}$ . The same fact has been observed by most other experimentalists, though the diminution does not seem to have been from a comparison of the experiments in any remarkable degree steady or uniform. It appears however from the experiments of Professor Pfaff, to bear some proportion to the frequency with which the same air is respired. He breathed 144 cubic inches of air once only in ten or twelve seconds, and it suffered a diminution of four cubic inches or  $\frac{1}{36}$ ; the same volume of air respired twice during twenty seconds, lost eight cubic inches or  $\frac{1}{18}$ ; and when the same quantity of air was respired thrice, during thirty seconds, the diminution was about 12 cubic inches or  $\frac{1}{11}$  of the original

volume. A similar diminution of volume was found to take place by Sir H. Davy, in his experiments on the nitrous oxide. After exhausting his lungs by a forced expiration, he inspired 108 cubic inches of this gas, and this quantity when expired had lost  $\frac{1}{12}$  of its original bulk. When the same quantity of the gas was respired twice, the diminution was about  $\frac{1}{5}$ : and when 102 cubic inches of the oxide mixed with  $\frac{1}{30}$  of common air, was respired for half a minute, the volume of air after the seventh expiration was reduced to 62, or had suffered a diminution of  $\frac{1}{2.55}$ . These facts establish the conclusion, that the diminution of volume is proportionate to the number of respirations which shall have been performed with the same quantity of air, and consequently that its amount is the least in natural respiration, or in those experiments which most closely imitate the natural process, and in which the air is respired only once.

This conclusion is very strongly marked in the recent experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys, which appear to have been conducted in the most unexceptionable manner. They caused a person to inspire 3460 cubic inches of atmospheric air from a gasometer, which were expired into another vessel of the same description. The time occupied by the experiment was eleven minutes and the number of respirations about fifty-eight, and the total diminution of volume was 23 cubic inches or about  $\frac{1}{150}$  of the whole; and in a subsequent experiment in which 9890 cubic inches were breathed, the loss was only 18 cubic inches or about  $\frac{1}{549}$  of the whole. When, however, in other experiments they caused the same air to be respired eight or ten times successively, its bulk was considerably diminished, and the proportion of its constituent parts were also very different from that which had been respired once only.

Now to what cause is this diminution of bulk to be attributed?—for until it shall be accounted for in some satisfactory manner, it is evident that all our conclusions must be liable to extreme uncertainty. The general opinion has been, that it is owing to the absorption of the air by the blood, in its circulation through the lungs; and Mr. E. quotes the following observations from the “*Researches*” of Sir H. Davy on the nitrous oxide, as an example of the views of chemical philosophers on this subject. After attributing the diminution of volume which he observed in his experiments on the respiration of nitrous oxide, to a rapid absorption of this elastic fluid by venal blood through the moist coats of the pulmonary veins, Sir Humphrey proceeds to observe, that it is also reasonable to suppose, that the whole compound atmospheric air, passing through the moist coats of the vessels, is first dissolved by the serum of the venous blood, and, in its condensed state,



decomposed by the affinity of the red particles for its oxygen; the greater part of the nitrogene being liberated unaltered, but a minute portion of it probably remaining condensed to the serum and coagulable lymph, and passing with them into the left chamber of the heart. Similar views may be found in the works of other authors who have treated on this subject. Mr. Ellis however presumes to think otherwise. He has examined the principles on which this hypothesis rests with philosophical precision, and with most perfect candour; and to us he appears to have proved it to be destitute of any shadow of support. He objects to it both on anatomical and chemical principles. The anatomical structure of the lungs, he observes, is extremely unfavourable to the transmission of air into the blood vessels, since it must pass not only through the dense membrane forming the cells, but also through the coats of the veins. Nor does it appear at all possible that it can obtain admission into the blood by means of the absorbent vessels; since their minuteness and the mucous secretion with which their inner surface is covered, must totally unfit them for such an office. Neither can it be supposed to be effected by chemical affinity, inasmuch as this does not act without actual contact, and the air, and blood are separated from each other, not only by the membranous sides of the cells and the coats of the vessels, but also by the cellular substance which intervenes between them. To arguments of this nature Mr. Ellis adds the positive evidence of experiments; by which it has been proved, first, that no evidence of the existence of air in blood can be obtained by the use of those means which are usually found to disengage it from its combination with liquids: for neither when confined in its proper vessels, nor when exposed in an open vessel does it manifest the existence of an atom of air, under the exhausted receiver of an air pump. Secondly, the introduction even of a small portion of air into the blood vessels, so as that it may be allowed to pass into the circulation, and mix with the blood, is very speedily followed by the death of the animal. Mr. Ellis's own explanation is at once ingenious and satisfactory. The very small diminution observed in those experiments which may be considered as perfectly analogous to natural respiration, he thinks is to be attributed to the obvious difficulty of always bringing the respiratory organs into the same state of relaxation after a given inspiration, and this source of error will probably be increased in proportion as the attention of the individual shall be excited, as that must influence the voluntary power by which the action of the muscles is determined. When, however, the same quantity of air is repeatedly respired (under which circumstances the most remarkable diminution of volume in the expired air is

always observed) then Mr. Ellis thinks the source of the discrepancy, is to be found in the natural and constant effects which are produced on the voluntary powers by the respiration of impure air. This is in all cases a progressive diminution, terminating in a total failure of voluntary power. The diminution consequently will be proportioned to the inability of the expiratory powers to expel the air; and hence in experiments of this nature, the loss of bulk is found to be in proportion to the frequency with which the air is respired, and the consequent distress and oppression suffered by the respiratory organs from the vitiated state of the air. These observations apply with equal force to the experiments made by Sir H. Davy on the respiration of nitrous oxide, which produced a similar diminution of voluntary power, and finally a total inability to continue the experiment.

There is however another circumstance to which Mr. Ellis has adverted, and the influence of which is probably of considerable importance in modifying the results of experiments of this description, and which supplies a rational explanation of some facts, tending to prove that, in particular instances, a larger quantity of air has been contained in the lungs, than our knowledge of their capacity would lead us to think at all probable. This is the mechanical attraction which is known to exist between air and the surfaces of bodies, especially moist surfaces. Now as the congeries of cells of which the lungs are formed, present a surface which is perpetually moistened by its appropriate mucus, and of an extent which has been estimated at 21,907 cubic inches, or more than ten times that of the whole external surface of the body; it appears probable that this prodigious extent of surface must have a constant tendency to diminish the elasticity of the air in the lungs, and perhaps to occasion a larger quantity than usual to be retained under particular circumstances, without any remarkable injury or inconvenience to the animal. Mr. Ellis has supported his views on this subject, by adducing the analogous instance of the absorption of air by charcoal, which has been proved, by repeated experiments, to possess the power of absorbing and retaining different kinds of elastic fluids in its pores or cells, in a quantity exceeding by many times that of its own bulk, and which is very readily given out unchanged on the application of a low degree of heat.

On the whole, there appears therefore to be pretty strong reason to conclude that, in natural respiration, the volume of air suffers no diminution, and that the bulk of the expired air is exactly equal to what is inspired. This conclusion receives additional support, when the chemical changes which the air suffers are brought into the calculation. In the earlier periods



of his inquiry the conversion of oxygene into carbonic acid was supposed, by Mr. Ellis, to be accompanid by a small degree of condensation. This opinion however is now abandoned in favour of the evidence of more recent and correct experiments which have proved that the combination of carbon with oxygene does not produce any perceptible alteration in the volume of that gas. It is fair to presume, therefore, that the want of exact correspondence in the proportions of oxygene gas and carbonic acid, which has been so frequently noticed in the experiments on human respiration, must have been owing to some imperfection in the means of conducting them, or to some trifling error which escaped notice. In the most recent experiments, indeed, this want of correspondence has not been observed, except when the frequent respiration of the same air was attempted. In the experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys already noticed, in which the air was respired once only, the correspondence was perfect. The air before the experiment contained 21 parts of oxygene and 79 of nitrogene in 100 parts, and when examined afterwards it was found to have gained precisely as much carbonic acid as it had lost of oxygene. In the first experiment in which 3460 cubic inches of atmospheric air were employed, 100 parts were found on analysis to contain 8.5 carbonic acid, 12.5 of oxygene, and 79 nitrogene; and in that in which 9890 cubic inches of air were respired, the proportions after the experiments were in 100 parts, 8 of carbonic acid, 13 of oxygene, and 79 parts of nitrogene; so that although there was in both a trifling loss of bulk, yet there was no alteration of proportion in the constituent parts of the air. This analysis was frequently repeated in the course of the experiments, and in every instance the oxygene which disappeared was replaced by the carbonic acid, and both together formed 21 per cent. of the whole, which was the original amount of the oxygene. When however the respiration was not natural, and the same air was repeatedly respired, there was a remarkable alteration in the proportions of the expired air at the conclusion of the process. In one instance in which the same air was respired three minutes, and the respiration had become so extremely laborious that the operator was compelled to desist, the proportions were 9.5 of carbonic acid, only 5.5 of oxygene and 85 of nitrogene, and in a subsequent trial, which occupied about the same space of time, but in which the operator became insensible, the proportions in 100 parts of the expired air were 4 oxygene, 10 carbonic acid, and 86 nitrogene; so that in these instances about seven per cent. of oxygene had actually disappeared, which was not replaced by a corresponding quantity of carbonic acid, but by an augmentation in the proportion of nitrogene. Our knowledge of respiration,

perhaps, is not yet sufficiently advanced to enable us to assign the true reason of this deviation from the usual proportions in expired air; but it is evidently connected with the unnatural circumstances of the experiment, and probably with the distress suffered by the operator, and the consequent diminution or loss of voluntary power. Messrs. Allen and Pepys have concluded it to arise from absorption of oxygene under such circumstances; but this opinion Mr. Ellis justly observes is not only opposed to the physiological considerations already noticed, but also to the fact that in experiments approximating most nearly to natural respiration, the diminution is too inconsiderable and too unsteady to be owing to any other than accidental causes. Besides, in one of their own experiments there was not only no diminution whatever, but an actual increase of 11 cubic inches in the volume of expired air. With respect to the exact correspondence between the formation of carbonic acid, and disappearance of oxygene in natural respiration, observed in the experiments of these gentlemen, it may be remarked that Mr. Dalton satisfied himself of the same fact by repeated experiments; and Dr. Menzies, in the course of his examination, found the volumes of inspired and expired air to correspond most accurately.

It appears therefore from an impartial estimate of all the data in our possession, to be a strictly legitimate inference, that in natural respiration, the volume of air expired is equal to the volume inspired, and that the carbonic acid contained in the expired air corresponds exactly in volume with the diminution of oxygene which the air is found to have sustained in passing through the lungs; but that when the respiratory function is oppressed by the frequent respiration of the same air, irregularities take place which render the experiments perfectly inconclusive. With respect to the nitrogene which constitutes so large a proportion of atmospheric air, notwithstanding the conclusions which Sir H. Davy has drawn from his experiments on the respiration of nitrous oxide, in favour of its being absorbed by the blood, as well as the opinions of others who have adopted that view of the subject, still it is evident from the examination which Mr. Ellis has given the question, that it is totally destitute of any positive proof, and is opposed by considerations of insuperable difficulty. Not only is the idea of air passing into the blood through the cells of the lungs entirely gratuitous, but as far as nitrogene is concerned it has no affinity whatever for the blood; and any other elastic fluid, hydrogen for example, may be substituted for it without inconvenience to the animals,—facts which, added to the pretty exact correspondence of volume in the expired and inspired air, are



quite conclusive against its being absorbed, or exerting any degree of active agency in the process of respiration.

It has rarely happened, however, that philosophers have been satisfied to limit their conclusions within the precise boundaries of their own experience and observation; and hence we so frequently find a certain portion of hypothesis engrafted upon truths, the certainty of which has been placed beyond the range of doubt. The notion of a chemical combination taking place in the lungs between the blood and the air, has been consequently supposed to receive confirmation, not merely from the diminution of volume which has been already adverted to, but also from the constant formation of carbonic acid during respiration. To explain this fact it has been asserted that the oxygen of the atmosphere is absorbed by and enters into combination with the venous blood as it circulates through the lungs; the formation of carbonic acid being either an immediate result of this combination, or else taking place indirectly during the circulation of the blood through the body subsequent to its oxygenation, and being finally evolved on the return of the blood to the lungs. This hypothesis has received its principal support from the change which the venous blood has been observed to undergo in its circulation through the lungs. About the middle of the seventeenth century it was first observed, that the upper surface of venous blood received into a vessel, acquired a scarlet colour from exposure to the air, and that if the surface was removed, the recently exposed surface speedily acquired the same florid hue, so that by repeating this successively, the whole might be made to undergo this change of colour. Now the blood in its circulation through the lungs undergoes a change precisely similar. It is conveyed thither from the right side of the heart, of a dark red colour, approaching to black, and afterwards is returned to the left side of the heart of a bright florid red colour. In the former state it is venous, in the latter arterial blood. And this change has been effected, notwithstanding the interposition of the membrane forming the air cells, and the coats of the vessels, by the agency of the atmospheric air, which is constantly supplied by the act of respiration.

That this change of colour is connected in some way or other with the presence and agency of oxygen is proved by numerous facts. It takes place only when that gas is present: pure oxygen produces a greater effect than atmospheric air; nor is the change prevented by covering the crassamentum with serum or some other animal fluids, though it does not take place when a coating of oil or water, or other similar substance is interposed. Dr. Priestley, however, discovered that venous blood exposed to the air in a bladder, had the surface

in contact with the bladder changed to the florid colour of arterial blood; and upon this fact considerable reliance has been placed as evidence of the absorption of oxygene in the lungs, since in this case also a dense animal membrane is interposed between the air and the blood. Mr. Ellis, we think, has proved by satisfactory experiments, that the fact itself will not admit this inference. Whenever blood is placed in contact with air, together with this change of colour, there is a formation of carbonic acid, but no diminution of volume in the air. It is ascertained, too, that if a bladder containing blood is suspended in a vessel of air, precisely similar changes take place; the oxygene being converted into carbonic acid, but without any loss of volume. And a further pursuit of the subject has shewn that precisely the same effect is produced on the air, if the bladder is filled with water, or placed in the jar merely moistened with water. This effect on the air is indeed produced generally by moist animal substances, and the effect on the colour of the blood is probably a consequence only of the combination of the oxygene with carbon.

When this curious subject shall have been more completely investigated, it may possibly be found to stand connected with some reciprocal changes in the electrical state of the different agents concerned in the process of respiration. We know that air which has been respired is in a negative state, while the surrounding atmosphere is positive; nor is it improbable, as Mr. Ellis has suggested, that the condensation of the air, which certainly takes place in the lungs on some occasions, may be connected, in some degree, with the agency of this subtile fluid. If, then, we have not only no positive proof of the oxygene entering into immediate combination with the blood in its circulation through the lungs, but also evidence almost demonstrative that such an union cannot happen, we must conclude that the formation of carbonic acid takes place in the cells of the lungs, and that the union of the oxygene with carbon must take place exterior to the vessels which contain the circulating fluids. The carbon therefore which is removed by the respiratory function of animals must be considered as an animal excretion dependant, as other processes of that nature are, on the activity of the circulation, and consequently evolved by the living functions of the animal. In what precise state the carbon may be given out by the exhalent vessels we know not; but Mr. E. has proved by a copious induction of facts, that the quantity is regulated in a great degree by the vigour with which the functions of the animal are performed, and that when they are diminished or suspended by very low degrees of temperature, it is greatly diminished or ceases entirely. The excretory functions of the lungs of animals and the leaves of plants must



be considered therefore as the immediate source of the carbon which is removed by the air with which it enters into combination, but its more remote source must be sought in the means which all animated beings possess of supplying the waste of their fluids, by a constant addition of matter to that fluid from whence all the secretions are derived, and the health and activity of the system maintained.

The conclusion to which Mr. Ellis has been conducted by the extensive range of investigation which he has embraced in these volumes, may be comprised, he observes nearly, in this simple statement: 'that oxygene gas is uniformly converted into carbonic acid during the exercise of the respiratory function, and that by this chemical change in the air, its latent or specific caloric is set free, and enters into the vegetable and animal systems.'—Our limits do not allow us at present to enter into the consideration of the latter portion of this conclusion which relates to the source of animal temperature, but notwithstanding the attempts which have been made recently to overturn the theory which Mr. E. has embraced, we cannot help regarding it as the only satisfactory one which has yet been proposed, and resting on too firm a foundation of experiments and induction to be lightly abandoned.

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Art. XIV. *Sermons on Various Subjects*: By John Styles. 8vo. pp. 430. Price 10s. 6d. Williams, and Co. 1813.

**VIGOROUS** freedom, and sometimes impressive originality of thought—variety and vivacity of appropriate illustration—enlightened warmth and tenderness of heart in delineating the sufferings and sorrows of human life, and in administering suitable instructions and consolations—peculiar fervency of appeal to the intellect, the conscience, and the passions, in favour of the love and practice of whatever is humane, and moral, and devout—and an elevated abhorrence and indignant reprehension both of the wiles and miseries of infidelity, and of the meanness, malignity, and injustice of intolerance—exhibited in language generally correct and forcible;—these are, in our estimation, among the most prominent distinctions of this interesting volume.

Yet with these excellencies, it must in propriety be owned, that Mr. Styles has suffered several imperfections to intermingle. The work bears numerous traces of haste and negligence, and a forgetfulness of some essential dictates of a refined literary taste, while various other passages are evidently over laboured. We have to complain, too, of an occasional obscurity, inflation, and undue vehemence of expression;

and notice a neglect of proportion in the different branches of some of the discourses, not a little injurious to the pleasing effect which the mind always feels to result from the regular symmetry of composition; and which, though a fault not easily avoidable in the fervour of extempore writing, is yet always to be corrected in the cooler hours of deliberate revision. The frequent quotations which the author has made from prose writers in these sermons, though mostly good in themselves, seem too frequently resorted to as the resource of temporary indolence, and really impair the interest and unity of the composure. Nearly the whole of these should be expunged. And as for the many poetical citations which likewise overspread the volume, we are frankly of opinion, that they form a species and quantity of ornament quite unworthy of the manly writer who has condescended to employ them. He seems himself aware of some of the objections which they are calculated to provoke in serious minds, and attempts an apology for their introduction in the preface: but his excuses, in our opinion, are neither forcible nor apposite. We proceed, however, to the more agreeable employment of exhibiting to our readers a few of those passages in which Mr. Styles's powers appear to have been exerted with the happiest effect.

We may take our first quotation from the close of the first sermon, entitled "*Christianity the Friend and Promoter of Social Happiness*," a powerful and animated representation of the progressive beneficial effects of this most holy and blessed system. Mr. Styles is rejoicing in the efforts which are making to enlighten the lower orders of our population:

'When the population of a country is taught to enquire, to investigate, and to compare, the most important results may be expected to take place. When ignorance retires, and prejudice is vanquished; when the aid of reason is sought, and its dictates obeyed, the state of society must necessarily improve; and it may be laid down as a fundamental principle, established by the experience of all ages and nations, that religious knowledge is the parent and patron of all useful science. Besides this, it promotes as far as its powers extend, the stability of kingdoms. This it does, by surrounding governments with a kind of omnipresent example of virtue, by which it powerfully checks that disposition to enslave and oppress, which so naturally accompanies the possession of authority; and by attracting the blessing and protection of providence. A corrupt, overbearing, and tyrannical government, carries in its own bosom the seeds of destruction. Virtue is the only solid basis of power, and in proportion to the virtue of its public principles and conduct, is the real prosperity of a nation. If ever vice preponderates in the councils and measures of a government, either in its foreign or domestic policy, its ruin cannot be far distant. But power has a direct tendency to mis-



lead the understanding, and to corrupt the heart: how is this tendency to be counteracted? By the virtue of the people. To be virtuous, they must be enlightened; for ignorance is only the parent of vice. It weakens and perverts the moral principle, and thus takes off the only natural restraint which heaven has imposed upon the human heart, in order to check its turbulent depravity. When the people are generally instructed in the ways of righteousness, their example must have an influence on public men. Princes and statesmen, like other mortals, are in a great degree the creatures of circumstances. If the people they govern are ignorant and vicious, they will take advantage of the moral darkness, and perpetrate crimes from which the surrounding light of knowledge and religion would effectually deter them. When the thinking faculty of a whole nation is constantly awake, and its aggregate principles always operating to produce the general good, sovereigns will even lose the inclination to tyrannize. There is a majesty in truth and virtue, which when seen in an individual, commands an involuntary homage; and when that majesty sits on the brow of the community, even a king will feel himself impelled to bow down and worship it.' pp. 38—40.

Some very beautiful reflections almost immediately follow: these are a few of them.

'What a delightful subject of contemplation is the nature and progress of religion! If the contemplation of earthly excellence fills us with admiration, how much more does that of heavenly! If the charms of a perishable world, and the faculties of mortal creatures, excite pleasurable sensations of wonder, how much more must the glories of the celestial kingdom, and the attributes of God! We are pleased to explore the progress of society, and the policy of princes, but how much nobler is it to trace the designs of providence, gradually unfolded amidst the revolutions of human affairs! How much more delightful to watch the developement of his scheme of mercy, from the first disclosure, to the final consummation of his purposes! If light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing to behold the material Sun, how much more ravishing and extatic to trace the course of the Sun of Righteousness, and be absorbed in the contemplation of his splendour! The progress of religion is the progress of knowledge, civilization, and happiness. It encounters the darkness of superstition, and rolls it away; it meets as a mighty host, the innumerable evils of the world; they maintain an obstinate struggle; during the conflict, our hearts are appalled with terror; but the Captain of salvation conquers: he goes forward, "travelling in the greatness of his strength;" all nature smiles at his approach; the bloom of paradise enriches every scene; the music of heavenly discipline and social order, more enchanting than the music of the spheres, wraps the soul in extacy; multitudes of voices are heard in high strains, in new and lofty measures, celebrating the triumphs of divine benignity: while celestial fingers entwine the brow of the victor with the unstained laurels of all-subduing love.' pp. 41, 42.

The second discourse is entitled, "The Whole Family in Heaven," and presents some peculiarly seducing views of this exceedingly great and enchanting theme. An additional check, however, might have been advantageously imposed on the preacher's imagination in some places—and the language may be advantageously stripped of some glitter. There is, however, deep pathetic earnestness in the following address.

'Our own salvation should not be the only object of our constant solicitude; but the everlasting happiness of those to whom we are united by the tenderest ties of nature, should equally engage our attention. Are we ourselves partakers of religion, or is this inestimable blessing confined to one head of the family, while the other is altogether a stranger to its influence? Should this be the case, the final period of your intercourse is drawing nigh; you will soon separate, and separate for ever! Oh, then, let me conjure you, ere it is too late, by all the endearments of your mutual love, by all the tender sympathies that have mingled in your hearts, to seek with equal ardour the same heaven! On the day of judgement, why should "one be taken and the other left?" Are we blest with children? Do they grow up as olive branches round about our table? Let us remember, there is but one thing that can render them an eternal inheritance; this is genuine piety. Without this, we must relinquish them at death; we must reckon them only as earthly comforts; and if we stretch our thoughts into a future world, what an agonizing scene distracts the imagination! But if our household are regulated according to the principles of the gospel; if the fire on the domestic altar is never suffered to go out; if religious instruction be infused into the opening minds of our offspring, and the claims of eternity impressed upon their susceptible hearts; if example follows precept, and we are concerned to "point to heaven and lead the way," we have every reason to hope, that a gracious God will crown our endeavours with his blessing, and that our "Whole Family" will meet in heaven. Oh, happy parent! who, at the last day, will be able to exclaim, addressing the Judge of all, "Behold, here am I and the children whom thou hast given me!"' pp. 71—73.

We are disposed to prefer the next sermon, on the "Design of God in blessing us," to almost any in the volume. There is in it, to our taste, a union of deeper and juster thinking, compacter proportion, chaster ornament, easier utterance, and wiser feeling. In the following short characteristic passage, it is impossible not to be reminded of an admirable writer's profound and eloquent *Essay on Decision of Character*.

'The varieties of human characters are numerous; but that which most excites the admiration of the world, is energy. Indeed, it is the nature of this quality to force itself into notice.



A man who has this element in his constitution, must be active. You see him pressing forward when any thing is to be achieved. He is never intimidated by difficulties: Alps rising on Alps are no check to his adventurous spirit: the tumultuous flood, the dashing foam, the lowering heavens, interpose in vain between him and his purpose; this energy bends the most adverse circumstances to his will; and that which affrights the timid, inspires him with confidence. While others hesitate, he acts; while they are alarmed, he has met and overcome the danger. Even failures and defeats become to him only lessons of experience; he is not discouraged from attempting again, because human power is limited. You find him incessantly employed; the accomplishment of one design is, with him, but a prelude to the commencement of another. This quality is generally united with a superior intellectual capacity, and perhaps is, in some degree, the effect of it; but whatever are the subordinate causes by which it is produced, whether it arises from great mental powers, or from physical organization, or from both, it is unquestionably a blessing which cometh down from the Father of lights.' pp. 79, 80.

We must be indulged with one more extract from this excellent discourse, and we present the following as a fine specimen of the author's impressive eloquence. He proposes the question, 'What is necessary to convert a power to bless into an actual blessing?' and replies:

'A vital principle of religion in the heart, is pre-eminently requisite. All the blessings of life are so many poisonous ingredients in our cup, till religion purifies them, and destroys those noxious qualities with which depravity has tainted them. Let religion mingle with these, and every evil vanishes. Religion furnishes genius with its noblest theme; it affords the fullest employment for all the energies of the most intensely active mind; and even inspires with energy the timid bosom, which was before appalled by the slightest dangers. It proposes to the man of wealth, an object to accomplish which, "He who was rich, became poor," and it assures the man of influence, that the glory of God, and the happiness of our fellow-creatures, are the only objects for which a good man ought to live, and in promoting which he should even be contented to die. That these objects may be pursued with persevering earnestness, religion supplies motives of irresistible cogency. Its influence is a continued sacred impulse to the exercise of benevolence. It makes us conscious debtors to all mankind; and will not allow us a moment's satisfaction while we neglect to discharge the obligation. Nor is this all; it enlists heaven on the side of human agency, and crowns our exertions with divine success; a success which, considering the depraved state of the world, no efforts of ours alone could command. When a man of religion devotes his powers to the great cause for which they originally were bestowed, mysterious voices prompt him to high and holy meditations—he listens with rapture to the dictates of infinite

wisdom and universal love! The full ripe purpose in his mind, thus induced, becomes active; he goes forth into the world, to do what he has designed; "a thousand liveried angels" wait upon him, and smooth the difficulties from his path, which by his own strength he never could surmount; so guided and accompanied, he engages with confidence in what his astonished enemies consider as "Utopian schemes," and more than realizes what his heart fondly anticipated. Knowing the omnipotence of *prayer*, which "moves the hand that moves all things," he makes it precede and follow all his endeavours. By its potent agency he charms all good things in the universe around him, and miraculously converts all evil things into blessings. By prayer he sanctifies all events, and combines them to his advantage. Thus he is equally befriended by disappointment and success. These are only different words to express the different feelings of his heart in reference to the great end of his being: that end is accomplishing when all things seem to conspire against it, his labours are secretly blessed, his prayers are really answered. Of this he may not himself be conscious, but in the amazing chain of causes and effects, which he will view complete in the light of eternity, he will perceive that his defeats were victories; that he counted most where he seemed most to fail: that his fears and anxieties arose from his ignorance and impatience. The energies of piety are never wasted; the prayer of faith is never offered in vain.' pp. 84—86.

The fourth and fifth sermons on the "Spirituality of God," and the "Abominable Nature of Sin," we have already had occasion to notice in a separate form, nor do they seem to require from us any new remarks, except in one respect, wherein we must doubtless have been anticipated by most of Mr. Styles's admirers. We possessed them before, and wished to have more new ones. Money is very scarce, and books are very dear.

The sixth discourse is entitled the "Mortality and the Destiny of Man," and is replete with solemn feelings and reflections naturally arising from subjects so awfully interesting. Although we could easily extract from it passages of a character directly opposite, yet we have resolved to produce here a paragraph which certainly exhibits in the strongest manner, Mr. Styles's most censurable defects. We have no conjecture what temptations could beset him, to write in such a strain of frigid extravagance—except he maliciously meant an outrageous caricature of some of the very worst passages of a certain amiable writer, whose volumes, he tells us, 'discover eloquence, learning, and piety, which entitle him to the respect of every wise, and the love of every good man.' Contribution is levied from both Milton and Shakespear to heighten its deformity.



O Faith, assisted by thy broad telescopic eye, what do I see? First, the cold flood of death, a thousand shivering beings driven by its strong tide, soon reach the opposite shore. Now they feel that they exist; they have sprung up to life, and a vast eternity is before them. But who can describe the anguish and the bliss, the terror and the rapture, which are obvious in different countenances! Covered with unutterable confusion, behold those victims of horror and despair—they are driven away in their wickedness—I follow them in my “mind’s eye,” to a cavern hideous,

“On all sides round, as one great furnace flamed,”  
and through volumes of sulphur and smoke, I read in characters of blood, “Reserved in everlasting chains of darkness till the judgement of the great day;” my soul sickens, and I turn from the scene. I wander with the blissful throng—heaven’s innumerable doors are thrown open—I see them enter—the beloved of God are in his immediate presence; they hear the songs, they join in the hallelujahs of paradise, now they are lost in the blaze of glory.” pp. 187, 188.

But we hasten from a piece of affected rhetoric, which stern impartiality alone could have induced us to transcribe, to the next sermon on the “Joy of Angels over the Repentance of a Sinner;” and copy its excellent introduction as a specimen of its merit.

‘How many are there in this congregation, who are strangers to genuine repentance! who have yet to sorrow for their transgressions, and to turn from the error of their ways! The eye of the eternal Being marks their number, ascertains their guilt, and his power could destroy them; but he is waiting to be gracious; he would not that they should perish in their sins. “As I live,” saith the Lord God, “I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth;” nay more, the Saviour assures us “that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth.” I come not then this evening to alarm you with the thunders of divine vengeance against impenitence; my aim is rather, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, to soften the obdurate heart, and to excite the tears of pious sorrow in those who have never repented “after a Godly sort;” and what a motive have I to urge to secure your attention, and to interest your minds! Every angel before the throne of God is concerned in my success or failure. Imagine that you see me surrounded with thousands of these glorious beings, who are waiting with anxious suspense to know the result of my endeavours. Imagine too that they are all your friends, and that they second with their compassionate looks, every argument and every appeal which I may address to the understanding and the heart. This will impress an unusual solemnity on your spirits, and who can tell but this very night, we in this assembly, may furnish the harps above with a new song of rapturous joy. That this expectation may not be visionary, O Spirit of Grace

assist us, first, to ascertain what is meant by the repentance of a sinner; and secondly, to show why it is an event to diffuse joy among the inhabitants of heaven.' pp. 211, 212.

The conclusion is equally striking and admirable.

'However lightly you may be disposed to treat the address of this evening, it is a subject of vast importance to the invisible world. You alone are careless and insensible, like the victim that thoughtlessly plays around the altar where its blood is to be shed; but myriads of creatures whom you cannot see are now regarding you. Let the veil be removed, and for a moment let the inhabitants of heaven and hell be exposed to our view. I mark the anxious solicitude of those infernal spirits, while they contemplate your countenances my brethren. They tremble lest you should repent—with envious eye they glance at yonder seraphim who are waiting to communicate to the myriads above the joyful tidings of your salvation:—and now it is for you to decide who shall be victorious. Shall these blessed beings depart to night with emotions of pity and sad regret, and shall those fiends, with a satisfaction peculiar to their detestable nature, announce to their rebel chief, that you have added to your other crimes the rejection of the gospel. Shall they with horrid exultation drag you to the confines of death, that they may seize your departing spirit as it leaves its tenement, and hale you to your fate as those that have trampled under foot the Son of God? no—forbid it heaven!—forbid it all ye holy angels that hover round the scene!—forbid it, Almighty Spirit of Grace! Give these sinners repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth.' pp. 239, 240.

The attention of the reader is next invited to the remembrance of the virtues, graces, and talents, of departed excellence. Mr. Styles has here republished with considerable and very judicious corrections his sermon on the death of the Rev. Thomas Spencer; and we must take opportunity to yield our willing testimony to the fidelity of its interesting portraiture, and to the soothing power of its instructive consolations. How awful it is to stand at the grave of a loved lamented friend, and pause on the past actions, and affections, and expressions, of the spirit that is eternally gone! It is impossible for the tongue to give utterance to the thrilling emotions that the heart conceives;—yet we return to life better from the meditation. In the instance of Mr. Spencer, no one can contemplate but with undissembled reverence, that early consecration of his entire being to the service of God, which so peculiarly distinguished him; and his patient pursuit and improvement of every means within his reach for qualifying himself in mind and heart as an Ambassador of



Jesus Christ. And it is equally impossible to dwell with too much admiration, on the manifold qualities which were combined in his exercises in the Sanctuary, and which were favoured by Heaven to promote the eternal well-being of so many of his fellow-creatures. Piety, judgement, pathos, fancy, fervour, animation—voice, gesture, and features—united to fascinate his hearers, and impress them with the glory and power of the oracles of God. Nor could any one be more sincerely beloved by his intimate friends, to whom he was endeared by his manly integrity of spirit, his humility and gentleness of temper, the modest easiness of his manners, and his unchanging affection. A character so lovely, a life so useful, and a heart so simple, warm and pure, deserve to be treasured in every breast amidst its choicest recollections\*.—We return to the work.

The next discourse is on "Cruelty to animals." We produce the greater part of its masterly peroration, as well exemplifying the author's manner in administering useful counsel. He is addressing parents, and other guardians of the young.

\* While children are under our guidance, we have an opportunity of discovering and counteracting their evil propensities. The elements of characters are at that tender age, like the seedling of the forest, which with little difficulty may be rooted up, or bent into any direction. The most important part of education is the culture of the heart. It cannot commence too early; nor ought any thing to be deemed too trifling for its interference. The dawn of reason brings with it certain indications of depravity, and the germ of vice that may afterwards become incontrollable, the torment of the individual, and the scourge of others. May be at

\* We may be forgiven the appropriation of the following beautiful lines from a modern poet.

Short here thy day ; for souls of holiest birth  
Dwell but a moment with the sons of earth ;  
To this dim sphere by God's indulgence given,  
Their friends are angels, and their home is heaven.  
The fairest rose in shortest time decays ;  
The sun, when brightest, soon withdraws his rays ;  
The dew that gleams like diamonds on the thorn,  
Melts in tantaneous at the breath of morn ;  
Too soon a rolling shade of darkness shrouds  
The star that smiles amid the evening clouds ;  
And sounds that come so sweetly on the ear ;  
That the soul wishes every sense could hear.  
Are as the light's unwearied pinions fleet,  
As scarce as beauteous, and as short as sweet.' *Wilson's*

"*Isle of Palms and other Poems.*"

first no more than a slight inclination, easily subdued by gentle and reasonable reproof. This is peculiarly the case with the rise and progress of cruelty; and, as no vice is more despicable in itself, and more injurious in its consequences, it should be the great concern of parents and instructors to prevent its indulgence. In order to detect the first propensity we must vigilantly inspect the conduct of our youthful charge, not only when we are actually engaged in the business of tuition, but in the hours of recreation, when they imagine themselves to be no longer under our care. The total abandonment of children in the play-ground and the fields, is, in my opinion, a grand defect in education. A child habitually left to itself to choose its own companions, and to gratify its own wishes, is a most pitiable object; nothing but a miracle can save it from perdition;—and even where the companions are wisely selected, or are children placed at the same seminary, the most unremitting attention is necessary on the part of tutors, at those seasons when attention is generally suffered to relax. It is in their amusements that children acquire and mature those habits which afterwards controul their moral destiny, and then it is that they peculiarly stand in need of our assistance. Not that I would for one moment interpose authority, to systematize their pleasures, and repress their cheerfulness: but I would convert the instructor into a companion; I would have him become the playmate of their minds, that he may thus attain a perfect knowledge of all that they think and feel; under this character his ascendancy over them would be compleat, and, with the blessing of God on his endeavours, he might effectually restrain those evil inclinations which, at a very early age, they are so apt to conceive and to indulge. We ought not, however, to rest satisfied with mere restraint; we should aim to excite in the hearts of youth kind and humane feelings towards every creature that possesses a capacity of enjoyment. For this purpose we should put into their hands books of natural history; they should be made early acquainted with the sensibility, sagacity, and usefulness of animals. Every interesting anecdote, illustrative of their virtues, should be treasured up in their memory. In destroying noxious animals, we should be careful to explain the reason of our conduct, and to convince them that we feel no pleasure in the infliction of pain. If we perceive them disposed to form attachments to those creatures that are susceptible of kindness, we ought to encourage the propensity, and to avail ourselves of the occasion to interest them in the happiness of every thing that lives. The consistency of all this with a generous and manly courage, and its having not the smallest tendency to induce a sickly sensibility, might be easily proved; but your time is already exhausted. Without enlarging, therefore, on this topic, I would sit down with briefly adverting to another and that is, the grand remedy which a merciful God has provided for all the miseries of this afflicted world. Inferior means may be employed, but none will prove efficacious where this is neglected. The honour of renovating



human nature, and introducing the universal empire of love, is reserved for the Gospel.' pp. 300—303.

The tenth sermon is in illustration of "Jesus as the bright and morning star." Its composition, as well as that of the preceding discourse, is evidently susceptible of considerable amendment. The one that succeeds is on the "Characteristic Principles of the Gospel:" and was preached and published for the benefit of the London Female Penitentiary: there are several passages in it peculiarly interesting, and the whole seems written with rather more than the author's accustomed care. The last sermon is on the "Celestial objects of Hope," and cannot fail to yield to every serious mind both instruction and delight. We regret that our limits preclude our doing more than to transcribe its excellent conclusion;—and the inference which Mr. Styles has deduced from his immediate subject may most appropriately be extended to the entire series.

' We infer the value of experimental religion. I mean that religion which is more than form and outward profession—what the Scriptures denominate, "the power of godliness:" Religion which is felt in the heart, which sanctifies the affections, and displays in the character the virtues of God: Religion that encourages us to look forward to the profession of joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived;—that unites the soul to the vivifying principle which lives eternally, and gives all things life;—to that power which will in due time call into existence a wonderful scene of life, beauty, and glory, which the visible universe cannot contain. Who would not be adorned with the charms of such piety? Who would not be enriched with its sublime rewards. How little do mankind know either of dignity or happiness, who suffer themselves to be governed by the atoms and evils of a diminutive world, while they neglect 'the only pursuit which is worthy of their nature, and which does not terminate in despair! much is said of happiness; all desire it; but few attain it. It is only to be found in the hallowed abode of a spiritual life,—the sacred living temple of a renewed heart.'

We close the volume with sincere respect for the talents and principles of the author, and cheerfully recommend it to public patronage. In the event of a new edition, the writer will no doubt avail himself of our friendly severity. In every fresh appearance he makes before us, he exhibits very material improvement; and we have determined to accept the present production as an earnest only of greater things hereafter. He intimates an intention to prepare a set of discourses on the peculiar Doctrines and Duties of Christianity. He has chosen a magnificent task: We shall rejoice, years hence, to announce the fortunate result.

Art. XIV. *Letters from the Mediterranean*, containing a Civil and Political Account of Sicily, Tripoly, Tunis and Malta: with biographical sketches, Anecdotes and Observations, illustrative of the present state of those countries. By E. Blaquiere, Esq.

(Concluded from page 456.)

**I**N our last number we attempted a slight abstract of the information which Mr. Blaquiere has furnished respecting Sicily. We have now to accompany him through his remaining Letters, which relate to Tripoly, Tunis, and Malta.

Our author's observation on the regencies of Tripoly and Tunis are not uninteresting, but exhibit so many marks of compilation, as to render a lengthened notice of them unnecessary. We shall confine ourselves to an extract or two.—In the first letter we meet with the following account of the ancient Leptis Magna: it was communicated to our author by a friend who passed three days on the spot.

'The extensive ruins of Leptis Magna are situated close to the sea, which appears to have made some encroachments on a part of them, those which I saw, extend about three miles in length southward, and nearly two in breadth. The bed of a river runs from the mountains directly through the ruins, which consist of gateways, walls, an immense number of pillars, some of which are of the finest granite, broken statues, and marbles, with inscriptions in Greek, Latin, and Punic characters; together with remains of an aqueduct. There are also a great many sculptured friezes, which appear to have belonged to some temples; the remains of several Roman baths are visible near the city; and I observed, about a mile from the ruins, an oblong terrace of fine Roman pavement, of considerable extent; several ruins about this place evidently denoted that it must have been the site of a theatre. There are the remains of a large edifice close to the sea, which appears to have been a species of fortification. Cameos, coins, medals, and bronzes, are frequently found at Leptis by the Arabs, who sometimes take them to the capital for sale, but as often destroy them from motives of superstition. To the amateurs for antique researches, there cannot be a greater inducement for excavating at this place than that their efforts would most assuredly be attended with the greatest success: for, in their own language, it is virgin ground, as, with the exception of a few of the fine granite pillars, taken away more than a century ago to ornament a palace of Lewis the Fourteenth, this place has scarcely been visited by any European travellers.' Vol. II. pp. 19, 20.

Tripoly, in respect of natural advantages, may be ranked amongst the most favoured nations. It possesses a climate singularly healthy and temperate, and the soil produces all the



European fruits and vegetables in the greatest degree of perfection. The most ample supplies might here be obtained both for the building and equipment of our fleets, were not the poverty and ignorance of the inhabitants, and the treachery of the Regent, an insuperable bar to any such commercial speculations. No bargain can ever be made but in the presence and under the terror of a considerable naval force, a mode of dealing that, it may be readily conceived, in no small degree enhances the price of whatever commodities may thus be obtained. It is questionable, indeed, whether a thorough revolution must not take place before we can drive an extensively advantageous trade with those countries ;—an event which, considering the present condition of this portion of the world, the general aspect of Europe, and the very slow pace, even under the most favoured circumstances, at which national improvement proceeds, can be viewed only at a very remote distance. In the mean time, however, the resources to be derived from these countries, may, no doubt, be rendered to a certain degree available. But to effect this purpose it seems absolutely necessary that the state of our diplomatic corps should undergo a considerable change. At present, we are informed, the salaries of the consuls resident at Tripoly and Tunis are not merely inadequate to support that imposing character which, to be efficient, an ambassador should assume, but even the rank and station of a private gentleman. The consequences of this parsimony are prejudicial to our interests in various forms. It compels our agents (in order to make some slight addition to their slender means) to engage in commercial adventures, and thus to become the slaves of the local government for the benefit of their own private speculations. Let it be considered too, that among these barbarians shew is every thing ; and that their knowledge of foreign nations, is principally derived from these resident representatives, who by appearing thus destitute of the insignia of dignity and authority, are not very likely to impress any formidable idea of the power of those by whom they are sent out in a manner so little suitable to their station. The parsimonious allowance to this part of our diplomatic corps is the more singular, when contrasted with the enormous sums that are annually paid, as pensions of retreat, to persons who *have been* ambassadors to obsolete states.

Mr. Blaquiere displays a laudable earnestness in calling the attention of the British government, to repress the incursions, which, notwithstanding our immense naval superiority, are frequently made by these barbarians from the opposite coast upon the shores of Sicily for the purpose of plunder.

' The mode hitherto adopted (says Mr. Blaquiere) by the Barbary cruizers of disembarking on the coast of Sicily and its dependencies, requires to be noticed. Those enemies of the human race, availing themselves generally of the darkness of night, arm several boats, land in the vicinity of some unprotected village, and carry off whole families; these, on arriving here, are exposed to public sale in the market place, and bought by some proprietor whose hearts has never been warmed with any sentiment of benevolence; they are conveyed to a distant province, destined either to lead a life of miserable bondage, or, as more frequently happens, to fall under the stripes and oppression of a merciless master.' p. 123.

' It is a singular and melancholy fact, that more captives have been made, and the general successes against Sicily greater, than at any former period since the island [of Malta] has been in our possession.' p. 219.

The next place to which our author leads us is Malta. On the importance of this station to British interests, and the policy of our conduct in regard to it (a discussion involving a consideration of some of the most intricate points of political economy) we have not at present time to enter. We shall content ourselves with following our author through the description he gives of the present state of the island. In circumference it is about sixty miles, twenty long, and twelve broad. At a distance it presents nearly a plain surface, its highest parts not rising more than 400 yards above the level of the sea. The staple commodity is cotton: but of this the quantity cannot be very considerable, as we are told that one-third of the island, small as it is, is composed of waste land. This is in a considerable degree to be attributed to the wretched ignorance of the inhabitants, who, though they are several centuries behind us in the scientific and mechanical branches of agriculture, resist with the most perverse and persevering obstinacy every attempt to introduce among them European plants and modes of culture. Since the island has been under the British dominion, it does not appear that its population has experienced any increase except in the article of foreigners, who, as might be expected from Mr. B.'s description of the native islanders, have supplanted them in various branches of industry, and driven many into the church who would gladly have embraced a more active sphere of life. But if the Maltese owe us but little gratitude for the marked encouragement we hold out to strangers, (who are exempt from a variety of burthens that are imposed upon the inhabitants) they are indebted to us still less for any anxiety we have shewn to advance their moral improvement: on the contrary, says Mr. Blaquiere,

' The degree of instruction has been very much curtailed; and so



if with an intention of precluding the possibility of this admirable institution (the *Universata*) being regenerated, nearly two-thirds of the edifice have been granted to the British merchants, for the purpose of forming an Exchange and Bank; thus making learning and morality subservient to commerce, which should, in the opinion of many, be regarded as a secondary object in legislation.' p. 293.

'The comparatively uncivilized state of the Maltese peasantry, our author proceeds, 'may be easily conceived, when I inform you, that outside the walls of Valetta, there is not a single place of public or private tuition, if we except the convents, which are, of course, shut to those who do not inhabit them, yet how easily might this be remedied.' p. 295.

When glancing his eye over foreign countries, there is scarcely any topic upon which an Englishman is more apt to felicitate himself, than upon his laws. Whatever be the propriety of this congratulation, however, as it respects our own "happy island," we do not seem to improve matters greatly by taking the task of legislating into our own hands. At Malta the case is notoriously bad. According to our author, justice is little more than an empty sound, 'and the people have nearly forgotten that they were once governed by laws which secured property, punished crimes, and promoted that degree of confidence so necessary to the well being of a state.' He gives a great number of curious details on the subject, and inserts a letter addressed in 1812 by the commercial body of the island to the civil commissioner, in which is pointed out at considerable length the imperfections of the various parts of the Maltese code by which they are most peculiarly afflicted. If this representation be not excessively overcharged (and we observe no ground for supposing it to be so) the state of the law in these islands calls aloud for a prompt and thorough reformation. In a country subject to the British government by which the effect of publicity in judicature is so duly appreciated, it is scarcely credible that justice should still be suffered to be administered in secret. Yet such is the fact:

'In addition to the imperfections of the code,' say the remonstrating merchants, 'we have a mass of objectionable matter to enter upon in the method of conducting a process. The chief evils are the correspondentive way of carrying on a suit, and consequent multiplicity of voluminous writings; the want of oral proceedings; of confrontation of parties; and due examination of witnesses. More fully to explain this subject, it will be necessary to give some detail of the method of conducting a suit at law. The plaintiff after the citation, which is answered by a written paper, makes out the ground of his complaint in a document called the '*Scrittura*,' this is deposited with the actuary of the '*consolato del mare*,' and the same is imparted to the defendant in a notice of '*scrittura presentata*,' which is to be seen by him in order to form the answer. In this stage of

the cause, the reciprocal correspondence may go on, in charges and replies almost indefinitely, but the party aggrieved, anxious for redress, soon makes out the notice entitled '*concluso in causa*,' intimating that the '*scrittura*' go up to the judge; these papers then contain the matter upon which the judge forms his opinion, and they are taken to his dwelling house; where the parties, or their advocates, severally and alone, visit him for the purpose of explaining and urging their cause.' pp. 310, 311.

The decision, however, when thus obtained, is not final. An appeal is allowed to a superior court, where all the delays in the subordinate undergo a repetition and extension, and it repeatedly happens that from the expence that is thus occasioned, the whole of the subject matter of litigation is swallowed up by fees to justices and law agents. With such a prospect before them, however clear the right may be, it is not surprising that people are frequently deterred from seeking protection from the law, choosing rather to suffer the oppression of individuals than be exposed to systematic plunder by the judicial tribunals. Nor is this all. Not only are the rights of property thus subjected to violation, but personal liberty seems equally insecure, at least where the persons exercising the right of government conceive themselves in any way interested.

'From the extreme promptness,' (says Mr. Blaquiere) and severity with which offences, tending to interfere with the civil government authority, have on several occasions been punished by the courts of law, it would appear that the original code is by no means so defective as some imagine. In a recent instance there was an English merchant, of the utmost respectability, who happened to give some trifling offence to a late public secretary. He was immediately sent for to the palace, on a pretence that the civil commissioner wished to see him: on arriving there the commissioner was reported to be absent, and when about to return home it being Sunday, a party of soldiers seized him in the porch, and lodged him in the guard house all night; he was next day conveyed to the prison, from whence he could not get out until after paying a large fine and making the amende honourable to the Governor's Secretary, &c. His process, it should be added, was concluded in six days! Bail to any amount was offered in this case but without any effect.'

- Malta having been considered of so much importance as a naval station, an attempt has been made to form an establishment there, not only for the repairs but for the building of ships. On this point it is obvious to remark, that whatever establishments of almost any description are formed at a distance from the seat of controul, it is impossible that the checks can be prompt and efficient, how-



ever judicious may be the system of general regulations. Abuses will be sure to creep in, and impair, if they do not counterbalance the advantages that in other shapes might be supposed to be available. In an island, circumstanced like Malta, particularly where the administration of the government, except in cases where the personal interests of its functionaries is immediately concerned, is peculiarly lax, the danger of abuse is much increased. But even supposing this objection to be removed by some unwonted exercise of skill, it is still a question whether the expence of constructing the necessary works for forming a Dock-yard, together with the high price that labour must bear when imported thither from this country, and the increased costliness of nearly all the necessary materials, might not very fairly be set against the trouble and delay of performing the repairs in our own dock-yards. By the death of Mr. Bray, the person whom government had entrusted with the formation of the necessary works, the progress of this project has been for the present suspended, and we cannot but express a hope that before it is resumed some enquiry will be entered into respecting the probable profit of its completion.

Timber seems to be the only important naval commodity that is likely to be obtained at a cheaper rate in the neighbourhood of Malta than in England. But in estimating the price of this, as of other articles, all the contingencies by which it is liable to be enhanced, must be taken into the account.

‘We have not as yet availed ourselves (says our author) of half those resources which might be drawn from surrounding countries, partly owing to the state of the war, but much more so to bad management. Larger quantities of timber might, with the utmost facility, be procured from the Adriatic, Albania, the Morea, and even Caramania, which has not been yet tried, but the charge of getting it has hitherto unfortunately fallen upon persons who were above all others, the worst calculated to succeed in any undertaking that required a talent for negotiation. In one instance which occurred within my own recollection, and while Captain Percy Frazer was naval commissioner here, there were above thirty thousand dollars embarked on board a foreign merchant ship, entrusted to the care of a Mr. Laird, who had been British consul at Ragusa, that gentleman proceeded to Durazzo, where, having quarrelled with the Pacha, he was put under arrest; so that not above two or three cargoes at most have come from that port, whereas the money sent was nearly sufficient to purchase a whole forest. At another time, and while Commissioner F. was there, there was a person sent to the Morea, for the purpose of examining the quality of the timber there: he was an Englishman, totally unacquainted with the language, and set out from Petrass, determined, if possible, to execute the object of his mission; he was, however, scarcely three days absent when he lost his way, and being most severely

beaten by the savage natives, he saved his life with difficulty, and returned to Malta as wise as he went.' pp. 358—359.

Our favourable opinion of these volumes will have been collected from many of our preceding remarks. We could wish, indeed, that our author had not thought it necessary to draw from books so largely in the composition of his letters, in several of which we suspect the dates are not intended to indicate the place where, or the time when they were written. But upon the whole we are free to acknowledge that he has produced an interesting and considerably important work—a work which is not merely creditable to his talents but his integrity. It is not often that we find our officers placing their personal interests in jeopardy in the cause of truth and humanity. At the same time it is gratifying to learn, that in the present instance our author's frankness has proved no barrier to his promotion : and it is much to the honour of the men who now compose the Board of Admiralty, that, notwithstanding the austere complexion of many parts of this publication, they have, without any private solicitation on the part of Mr. Blaquiere, singled him out for an appointment, while so many of his class are fruitlessly eager for employ.



## ART. XV. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION

\*\*\* *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works : which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

Mr. Cottle has been engaged in writing a Poem of some extent, in rhyme, entitled "Messias." The first part, connected with the Old Testament, is preparing for the Press.

Mr. W. Jones, author of the History of the Waldenses, is preparing for publication, a Biblical Dictionary, on an improved plan: adapted equally to the use of Ministers, Students, and private Christians; and calculated to facilitate an acquaintance with the Oracles of divine truth.

W. Baynes has nearly ready a Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Books, containing an extensive collection in Divinity. By the best authors. Also a rare collection of Curious Books and Tracts, relative to Charles the 1st and Cromwell, and to the Popish Plot and Toleration of Dissenters in the time of William and Mary.

The Rev. David Williams, A. M. has in the press, and will speedily publish "An Historical Sketch of the Doctrines and opinions of the Various Religions in the World." To which will be added a view of the evidences of Christianity, and of the Reformation. We understand that this work will be comprized in one small pocket volume.

In the course of this month will appear a work entitled the Pocket Companion to the laws of bills of exchange, promissory notes, checks, drafts, &c. &c. With tables of the stamp duties, &c. &c. &c. By the editor of the Legal and Literary Journal, and Mercantile Magazine, the third number of which will be published on the first of January.

In the press. The Vision; or Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, of Dante; translated into English Blank Verse, by the Rev. H. F. Cary, A. M.

In a few days will be published Travels in the Pyrenees, containing a Description of the principal Summits, Passes, and Vallies: translated from the French of M. Ramond, by F. Gold.

Speedily will be published, by Direction of the Board of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. An Abstract of the Annual Reports and Correspondence of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, from the Commencement of its Connexion with the East-India Missions, A. D. 1709, to the present Day; together with the Charges delivered to some of the Missionaries, at different Periods, on their Departure for their several Missions.

Mr. Semple shortly will publish Observations made on a Tour from Hamburgh through Berlin, Gortitz, and Breslau, to Silverberg, and thence to Gottenburg, passing through the head quarters of the Allied Armies.

Mr. T. D. W. Dearn, of Cranbrook, will publish early in next month, a historical, topographical, and descriptive Account of the Weald of Kent, with eight engravings and a map.

Mr. Campbell, translator of Bishop Jewell's Apologia, is preparing for publication, a translation of Grotius on the Rights of War and Peace, and the Law of Nations, with notes and illustrations from the best writers of ancient and modern times.

Mr. Barker has in the press, an Essay on the respect paid to Old Age by the Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans.

The Rev. — Sayers has in forwardness for publication, a History of Bristol and its vicinity.

Mr. J. Bisset shortly will publish, a Description of Leamington, and the

principal objects of curiosity in its neighbourhood.

Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, has nearly ready for publication, *Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's best Interest*.

Mrs. Hervey will soon publish, *Amabel*, in four volumes.

*Musical Biography, or Memoirs of the most eminent Musical Composers who flourished during the last three centuries*, is in the press.

W. Smith, Esq. has in the press, in an octavo volume, a *New French Dictionary, or Guide to the correct Pronunciation of the French Language*, compiled from the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*.

The Rev. — Blakeway is preparing for the press, a *History of Shropshire*.

Mr. Betell Danby, of Hull, has in the press, the *Expeditious Arithmetician, or Preceptor's Arithmetical Class Book*, for the use of tutors, containing two thousand two hundred original questions.

*Memoirs of Goldoni*, the Italian dramatist, written by himself, are printing in two octavo volumes, in French and in English.

The author of *Substance and Shadow*, &c. has in the press, the *Splendour of Adversity*, a domestic tale, in three volumes.

The editor of the *Examiner* shortly will publish, the *Feast of the Poets*, with a variety of additional notes, and some other pieces in verse.

M. Santagnello has in the press, an *Italian Class Book*, consisting of extracts from the best writers, in prose and verse.

The Rev. F. Wrangham is preparing a new edition of the *Prolegomena of Walton*, under the sanction of the University of Cambridge.

Mr. Charles Bell is printing a second edition of his *System of Operative Surgery*, founded on the Basis of Anatomy.

Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby will have the honour to submit the following Libraries, and Cabinet of Natural History, for Public Sale, during the present Autumn and ensuing Winter.

The Duplicates of a Gentleman's Library: comprising a fine Collection of Books, in various Departments of Literature. Among them are *Birch's Lives*, large Paper, uncut; *Vertue's Portraits and Monuments to Rapin*;

*Piranesi Veduta da Roma*, 2 Tom. *Block's Fishes*, plates coloured; *Vere's Commentaries*, Plates; *Luxembourg Gallery*, first Impressions; *Lister's Conchology*, Russia; *Ireland's Pieces*, large Paper, with Etchings and tinted impressions; with many other of equal value.

The Merly Library. Early in December, the well-known and celebrated Library of John Willett Willett, Esq. brought from his Seat at Merly, in the County of Dorset, Comprising a most rare Assemblage of the Early Printers, fine Specimens of Block Printing, Old English Chronicles, &c. in fine Preservation; likewise a most extensive and valuable Collection of Books in every Department of Literature, from the earliest Period to the present Time. All the Books are in the finest Condition; many on large Paper, and bound in Morocco and Russia Leathers. —Catalogues will be ready for delivery in a short Time.

The very select and choice Cabinet of Natural History of the late George Shaw, M.D. F.R.S. Author of the *General Zoology*, *Naturalist's Miscellany*, and many other valuable Works. Removed from his Residence at the British Museum.

The entire and valuable Library of the late Rt. Hon. Lord Heathfield. Comprising a Collection of scarce Books on Fortification, Military Tactics, Military History, the most memorable Campaigns, Voyages and Travels, French Literature, Belles Lettres, &c. &c. To which is added, his Collection of Maps, Military Charts, some Prints, &c. &c.

Chart Park Library. The entire and splendid Library of the late Sir Charles Talbot, Bart. removed from Chart Park, Surrey. Consisting of the most valuable and magnificent Works in Natural History; likewise Philosophy, Voyages and Travels, General History, and Belles Lettres. The whole elegantly bound. Also his choice and select collection of Minerals.

In the Press, the Eton Latin Grammar, with Copious Explanatory Notes, for the use of schools. By the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A. M. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Adare, and Master of Kingsdown Boarding-school, Bristol.



## ART. XVI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

## BIOGRAPHY.

The Lives of the Puritans, containing a Biographical Account of those Divines who distinguished themselves in the Cause of Religious Liberty, from the Reformation under Queen Elizabeth to the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662. With an Appendix, comprising a Chronological List of the Authorities referred to in the work, and a Copious Index of the whole. By the Rev. Benjamin Brook. 3 vols. 8vo, 11, 16s. bds. and a few copies on royal paper 2l. 14s. bds.

Memoirs of Algernon Sydney. By G. Meadley, 8vo. 12s. bds. and a few copies on fine paper, 18s. bds. Ornamented with a Portrait of Sydney, finely engraved by Engleheart.

Biographical Anecdotes of the Rev. John Hutchins, the historian of Dorsetshire, by the Rev. G. Bingham, B.D. being No. 34 of "Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica." Second edition, with Additions, and Portrait of Mr. Hutchins. only 50 printed, 4to. 7s. or Proofs on Folio 10s. 6d.

## EDUCATION.

The Elements of French Conversation, with familiar and easy Dialogues, each preceded by a suitable Vocabulary in French and English. By John Perrin. The Seventeenth Edition, revised and corrected by C. Gros. 13s. 6d. bd.

A Treatise on Politeness. Intended for the Use of the Youth of both Sexes Translated from the French by a Lady. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

## MEDICAL.

The Art of Preserving the sight, unimpaired, to extreme Old Age; and of Re-establishing and Strengthening it when it is become weak, with Instructions how to proceed in accidental Cases, which do not require the Assistance of Professional Men, &c. by an experienced Oculist. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.

Lectures on Inflammation, exhibiting a view of the General Doctrines, Pathological and Practical, of Medical

Surgery. By John Thomson, M.D. F.R. S.E. 8vo. 14s. bds.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

De L'Allemagne. Par la Baronne de Stael Holstein. 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s. bds.

The Northern Metropolis, or the Saxon and the Gael, 3 vols. 12mo.

Observations on the Brumal Retreat of the Swallow, with a copious Index to many passages relating to this bird, in ancient and modern Authors, by Forster, second edition, 8vo. 2s.

## POETRY.

Russia; or, the Crisis of Europe; a Poem. With copious Notes, and an account of the Russian Soldiers and Cossacks. By Onesimus. With a Portrait of the Emperor Alexander, 8vo. price 6s. boards.

Vigil in London, or Town Eclogues; to which are added Imitations of Horace. 8s. bds.

David Dreadnought, or Nautic Tales and Adventures, in Verse — in Four Parts, embellished with an interesting Frontispiece. By Samuel Whitechurch, 5s. 6d.

## THEOLOGY.

A General Introduction to the Study of the Hebrew Scriptures; with a Critical History of the Greek and Latin Versions of the Samaritan Pentateuch, and of all the Chaldee Paraphrases. By the Rev. George Hamilton, Rector of Killernagh, Ireland. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

A Treatise on Spiritual Comfort. By the Rev. John Colquhoun, D. D. Leith. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.

The Christian Pattern; or, a Treatise of the Imitation of Jesus Christ. Written originally in Latin by Thomas à Kempis. To which are added Meditations and Prayers, by G. Stanhope, D.D. A neat Pocket Edition, with a bold Type, price 4s. in boards; or on fine paper, price 5s.

The Charges of Samuel Horsley, LL. D. F.R.S. F.S.A. late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, delivered at his several Visitations of the Diocese of St. David, Rochester, and St. Asaph. 8vo. 7s. bds.

*Fur Prædestinatus, sive Dialogus inter Concionatorem Calvinistam et Furem ad furcam damnatum habitum.* 8vo. 5s. bds.

A Sermon on the Divine Mission of the people called Methodists to revive and spread religion, illustrated and defended in a Sermon preached before the Meeting of the District, at Macclesfield, 1813. By Joseph Sutcliffe. 3vo.

The Practical Expositor, or Scripture illustrated by facts; arranged for every day in the year, by Charles Buck, 6s. bds.

## TOPOGRAPHY.

Excursions in the Counties of Kent, Gloucester, Hereford, Monmouth, and Somerset, in the years 1802, 1803, and 1805; consisting of Descriptive Sketches of the most interesting Places and Buildings, particularly the Cathedrals of Canterbury, Gloucester, Hereford, and Bristol: with Delineations of Character, in different Ranks of Life. By J. P. Malcolm, F.S.A. Author of "Londinium Redivivum." royal 8vo. hot-pressed, price 11. 7s. bds.

Articles on the following works are intended to appear in our Number for January—Mde de Stael "De L'Allemagne."—Williams on Equity and Sovereignty—Norris on the Bible Society—Bridge's Natural Philosophy—Davy's Chemistry—Fox's Letters to Dr. Smith—Montgomery's World before the Flood—Reports of the Fish Association—&c. &c.

## ERRATA.

- Page 445, l. 24. for *debarred* read *state*.  
 483, l. 15. for *benicically* read *chemically*.  
 535, l. 22. for *conical* read *cynical*.  
 536, l. 20. for *Canvu* read *Canova*.



